

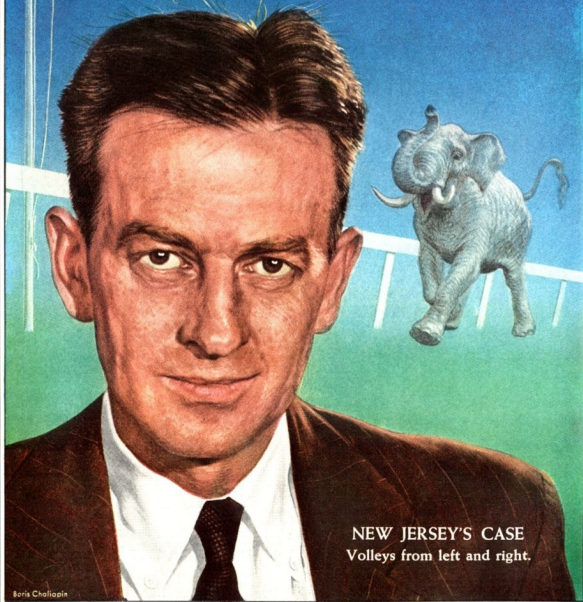
TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 18, 1954

THE FUTURE OF THE WEST
Toynbee concludes his history

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

NEW JERSEY'S CASE
Volleys from left and right.

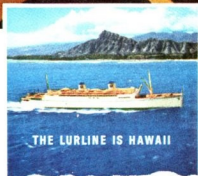
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VOL. LXIV NO. 16



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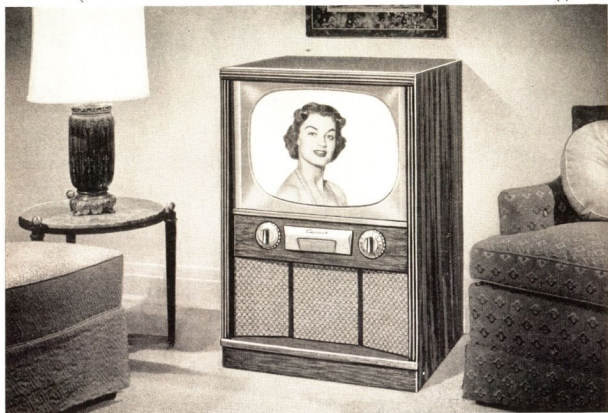
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A New Day Is Car Owners

THIS NEW TIRE WILL BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON 1955
AND CONSTRUCTION SINCE FIRESTONE INTRODUCED THE
OF SAFETY, RIDING COMFORT, MILEAGE AND SILENCE—YOU

THE NEW 1955 cars will headline many new features, but none of them will be more important to your safety, your comfort or your pocket-book than tubeless tires as standard equipment at NO EXTRA COST!

Tubeless tires have been selling at premium prices. But Firestone has succeeded in building the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire to sell at the same price you would pay for a conventional tire and tube.

Automotive Engineers Acclaim New, Silent Safti-Grip Tread

When the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire was first offered to car manufacturers, they subjected it to their most severe and exhaustive tests. And this new tire passed every test with performance far beyond all expectations.

They found that the exclusive new SILENT SAFTI-GRIP TREAD runs quietly and refuses to squeal on even the sharpest turns. It gives greater protection against skidding and greater traction than any tire ever before offered as standard equipment. And they found that its revolutionary new design makes it a real champion for long, trouble-free mileage.

Takes the Danger Out of Blowouts, Seals Punctures Against Loss of Air

The new SAFTI-DIPPED CORD BODY, the new SAFTI-LINER and TUBELESS CONSTRUCTION make this tire extra strong and take the danger out of blowouts. Damage which might cause an ordinary tire to blow out becomes as harmless as a slow leak. And if a nail or other sharp object should penetrate

the extra-tough tread and cord body, the SAFTI-LINER prevents loss of air, minimizing the danger and annoyance of punctures.

Never Before Such Riding Comfort, Never Before Such Steering Ease

The car engineers were extravagant in their acclaim for its sensational riding comfort and steering ease. They found that it absorbs bumps and road shocks and provides a super-soft cushion of rubber and air which smooths out even the roughest roads. And they liked the extra-tough CURB GUARD which protects white sidewalls.

Yes, Firestone, the Pioneer and Pace-maker, has done it again! The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire, at the price of a conventional tire and tube, now takes its place with the

Come In and See the NEW
Firestone *De Luxe*
TUBELESS TIRES Standard Equipment
You Can Put Them



Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

Dawning for the of America!

CARS—IT IS THE FIRST TIRE COMPLETELY NEW IN DESIGN
BALLOON TIRE IN 1922—SETS ENTIRELY NEW STANDARDS
CAN PUT A SET ON YOUR PRESENT CAR AT NO EXTRA COST!

first non-skid tread, the first straight-side tire, the first balloon tire and many other Firestone "firsts" as a notable contribution to automotive safety, comfort and economy.

*You Can Have This Tire on Your
New 1955 Car or Your Present Car*

If you buy a 1955 model of any make, you can have it delivered on new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires at no extra cost. Or, if you continue to drive your present car, place your order now for a set of new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires. Your nearby Firestone dealer or store will buy the unused mileage in your present tires.



Champion

on the New 1955 Cars
on Your Present Car



Also
Available
For Use
With Tube
Or With
Black
Sidewall

**"NOW I KNOW WHY MEN
ARE CALLED THE OPPOSITE SEX"**



"Opposition is all a gal gets when she suggests her man wear a new color." So says ILKA CHASE, distinguished actress and co-author, with Edna Woolman Chase, of *ALWAYS IN VOGUE*.

While Miss Chase has a point, it must be said that color is creeping into men's apparel. The reception given our Plateau Sentry all-weather coat proves it. This coat by Timely Clothes comes in many handsome shades, which men have welcomed as a relief from the drab putty color that threatened to become a uniform. The Sentry is notably comfortable too, because Plateau — an all-wool worsted of standard weight — is specially woven to *feel weightless* on your back. And since the Sentry is made with Balanced Tailoring, its good looks last almost indefinitely. See the Plateau Sentry at your Timely Clothier, \$59.50. Other tips on dressing? Write for free 23-page booklet "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance" to Dept. T-42, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y.

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&
**PLATEAU
SENTRY**
Made by
PACIFIC MILLS

Balanced Tailoring® makes **TIMELY CLOTHES** look better... longer!

LETTERS

Praise & Censure

Sir: The dark cloud has finally passed, hallelujah!

Our traditions, heritage and reputation emerge bright and strengthened. By the action of the Watkins Committee [TIME, Oct. 4] every honest citizen may again take pride in his Government and be happy in the knowledge that his Government is there to serve him and defend his rights.

May I be the first to nominate Senator Watkins as Man of the Year?

NANCY RICE

Weston, Vt.

Sir:

As long as you are on a "get Joe McCarthy" kick, why not go all the way and censure the real culprits?—viz., the people of Wisconsin who sicked Joe on Washington in the first place, and the all-wise inner council of President Eisenhower who dreamed up the policy of coexistence with Joe as a matter of expediency . . .

GORDON SMITH

New York City

New Directions

Sir:

Congratulations on your handling of the Riesman story [TIME, Sept. 27]. Our pueblo culture—meek, docile, fearful of individual variation—is a triumph of the contemporary medicine man, the writer of advertisement copy.

Your reporter might have strengthened his piece by describing Riesman's view in terms often employed of the thermostat (the inner-directed person) that controls the tem-

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-speeded editions: to Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr., \$8.00; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe, Guam and Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel everywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Service: J. Edward King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions (or change of address) to:

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TIME
October 18, 1954

Volume LXIV
Number 16

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1954



PROTECTING YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN YOU KNOW



Your Fire Insurance is always on the job

YOUR HOME AND YOUR FAMILY are safer from fire today because of the services capital stock fire protection engineers are constantly performing. Progress has brought many new fire hazards into your home. But these engineers, working with local officials, have developed safeguards for them. Their building code provides for fire-safe homes. And these same engineers inspect your fire department regularly—equipment, water supply, alarms—for your protection.

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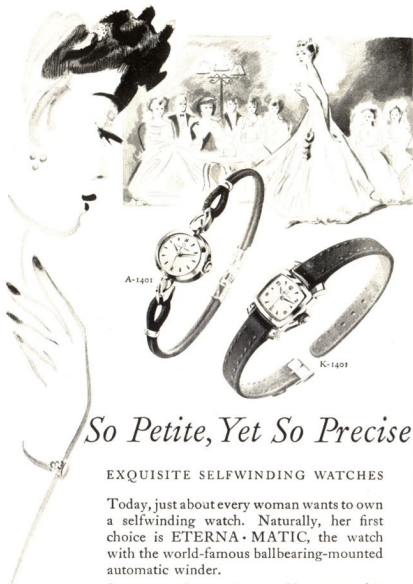
day and night—is and has been the business of the capital stock fire insurance companies for 150 years.

Yet adequate protection changes with the times. Fires, explosions, windstorms can happen anywhere. You don't take your health for granted—you see your family doctor and dentist about it. So see another specialist regularly—your local insurance agent or broker—to be sure you have the proper insurance to protect you adequately against loss by fire or other disaster.

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perature, and the thermometer (the outer-directed person) that merely records it.

(THE REV.) WILLIAM S. HILL
Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Sir:

Never have I read such monumental nonsense . . . No wonder the world is mad! . . .

ALLEN W. HINKEL

Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

. . . I have at long last hit on a handy explanation for a certain Thurber cartoon. It's the one [see end] where the family is sitting around gloomily and the wife says, "Well, I'm



Coor, 1935 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

disenchanted too; we're all disenchanted." Plainly, the husband is inner-directed, the wife is tradition-directed, and the poor little girl is other-directed but not well liked.

JOE V. BAKER

New York City

Sir:

TIME's definitive article . . . failed to crystallize a guiding tenet to help point lost sheep toward the fertile plateau of autonomous existence . . . So live that you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell!

ROBERT THOMAS ELLISON

Chicago

Sir:

Not since *The Mature Mind* has there been an analysis of humankind so important as Professor Riesman's *Menagerie*. Left unsaid, however, is the clear and correct identification of "other-direction" with Democratic voters. Less clear are the categories into which Republican philosophy and its voters fit. The Taft-wing philosophy most matches a combination of "tradition-direction" and "inner-direction." The Eisenhower wing struggles in an atmosphere composed of this tradition-inner combination overtaken with a fish-net mesh of other-direction . . .

SHERMAN BENNET LANS

Chicago

Sir:

. . . While sitting in the Orderly Room today, I heard a trainee platoon sergeant talking to his men in the chow line. He said: "If any of you think you're better than the next guy, let him speak up now. And he can quit, if he does. You're no better and I'm no better."

. . . I'm just wondering, with [the] possibility of a continuous universal military training program, how much more our nation will tend to push its basic concepts of democracy to the limits and approach closer to a military other-direction type of culture . . .

(Pvt.) WILLIAM I. McREYNOLDS
Fort Bliss, Texas

Sir:

A statement in your cover story is very revealing, namely: "The intellectuals, to whom a society looks for its picture . . ." This is the sort of rot that makes "intellectuals" think they are intellectuals. It is the same sort of rot contained in the idea that newspapers are molders of public opinion . . . Your David Riesman . . . is indeed an intellectual, but I doubt very much if he



**TWO FALL SUITS MAY
LOOK THE SAME, BUT...**

what a
difference
DACRON
can make!

You may not see the difference right off, but wait till you wear a fall suit made with "Dacron". Then you'll understand why the *extras* of "Dacron" can make a good suit *better* . . . in so many ways!

"Dacron" is noted for its *extra* resilience. Men find that a suit properly made with wrinkle-resistant "Dacron" stays presentable through days of travel . . . comes off the hanger each morning looking fresh, neat!

And "Dacron" tenaciously holds a press—for when it is set in place with a pressing iron, it tends to stay that way! "Dacron" is also moisture-resistant. Hence the *extra* press and shape retention you enjoy through humid or downright wet weather! *Extra* assurance of always neat grooming!

So look as usual for your favorite styling, the careful tailoring of a reputable maker. But look, too, for a fall suit with the stay-neat *extras* of Du Pont "Dacron"—* polyester fiber!

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers—not fabrics or garments.



Michaels Stern offers their customers the stay-neat *extra* of "Dacron" in this "Wonderman" suit: \$55% "Dacron", 45% wool, about \$65.00. Available at the following and other fine stores everywhere.

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Store for Men
Binghamton, N. Y.....Fowler, Dick & Walker
Charlottesville, N. Va.....Frankenberger & Co., Inc.
Charlotte, N. C.....Browns Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio.....Wm. Taylor Sons & Co.
Columbus, Ohio.....The Union Company
Denver, Colo.....Daniels & Fisher
Elizabeth, N. J.....R. J. Givner Co.
Fitchburg, Mass.....F. H. Lane Co.
Flint, Mich.....A. M. Devinen Co.
Greenville, N. Y.....Banney Galesky & Sons
Green Bay, Wis.....Steifel's

Houston, Texas.....Rodney's In The Village
Jacksonville, Fla.....Furchgott's
Johnstown, Pa.....Penn Traffic Company
Joliet, Ill.....The Boston Store
Kinston, N. C.....M. Stadium, Inc.
LaCrosse, Wis.....Hansen Clothing Co.
Memphis, Tenn.....The John Sarker Company
Miami, Fla.....Bishop's
Mobile, Ala.....Metzger Bros., Inc.
Montgomery, Ala.....Capital Clothing Store
New Rochelle, N. Y.....Langdon's
New York City, N. Y.....John David, Inc.
Riverside, N. Y.....Amberg & Company

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Springfield, Mass.....Albert Singer Company
Trenton, N. J.....Kahn's
Washington, D. C.....Raleigh Haberdasher
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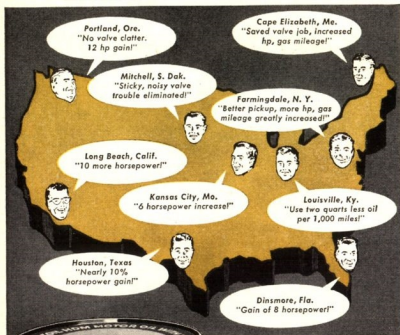


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Sound your **Z** at this sign...



thinks of himself as a leader, or believes that society looks to him for its "picture" . . .

I think TIME needs some self-analysis. It is obvious that the people mold newspaper opinion, but who molds TIME's opinions is beyond my imagination . . .

LESLIE L. DAGGETT

Fresno, Calif.

Drawing the Line

Sir:

I have just finished reading your article in the Oct. 4 issue about my case, and I wish to state that you are in complete error when you state that "the outcome did not seem to bother Fleming very much," and "relieved by the light sentence, he happily made plans for his civilian future."

First, let me emphasize that I was, and am, deeply shocked at the "outcome."

Second, anyone who considers dismissal from the service as a "light sentence" is either ignorant of the facts or coloring the truth.

Third, my plans for the future are very uncertain, and will depend solely on the outcome of the appeal of my case. And I can assure you I am not "happy" about it.

HARRY FLEMING

Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

TIME gladly accepts Colonel Fleming's own word for his personal reactions.—Ed.

Prayer & the Weather

Sir:

. . . One reads [TIME, Sept. 27] that the Canon of Winchester wrote in the British weekly *Time & Tide*, "Our Lord . . . specifically ordered us to pray for and to heal the sick. But about the weather He had nothing to say. He simply accepted it." I do hope that before his face becomes too red the Reverend Canon reads *Matthew 8:24-27* and reconsiders his statement that Our Lord "had nothing to say" about the weather.

REGINALD GARDINER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

Least readers be influenced by the Canon about not praying for rain, would it not be well to encourage people to pray for anything they wanted and leave it up to God as to what prayers He wanted to answer . . .

(THE REV.) ROBERT S. REGAN

Dublin, Ga.

The Petrov Case

SIR:

YOUR REPORT OF THE PETROV CASE [TIME, SEPT. 27] CONTAINS A HIGHLY INACCURATE REFERENCE TO ME. YOU STATE THAT PETROV HAD BEEN SUPPLIED WITH SOME VERY CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION IN DOCUMENT J "PREPARED IN PART WITH INFORMATION PROVIDED BY [LABOR PARTY LEADER HERBERT] EVATT'S TWO PRIVATE SECRETARIES." THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMISSION HAS STRESSED THAT THE MATTER ALLEGEDLY ATTRIBUTED TO ME WAS NOT OF A CONFIDENTIAL CHARACTER, WHILE THE THREE JUDGES REFERRED TO IT AS "INCOGNITUS" AND FURTHER COMMENT BY TWO OF THEM AS THAT THERE WAS NO SUGGESTION WHATSOEVER THAT I HAD BEEN A SOURCE OF INFORMATION TO THE SOVIET EMBASSY. MOREOVER . . . IT CAN BE PROVEN THAT THE BRIEF REFERENCE TO ME IN DOCUMENT J IS NOT ONLY

© "And behold, there arose a great storm on the sea, so that the boat was being swamped by the waves; but He was asleep. And they went and woke Him, saying, 'Save, Lord; we are perishing.' And He said to them, 'Why are you afraid, O men of little faith?' Then He rose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. And the men marveled, saying, 'What sort of man is this, that even winds and sea obey Him?'"



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a new
frontier!**

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is growing with the same dynamic spirit. Daily our linemen stride the 21 state area we serve . . .
extending our millions of miles of wire and cable. And progress marches with them . . .

new homes, industries, communities . . . new opportunities. The America we serve will
keep on expanding, developing, growing. And we'll keep step by providing the modern,
low cost communication that smoothes the path of progress wherever it leads.

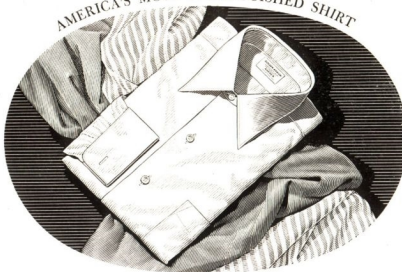


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The Watch with a Noble Pedigree

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SEAMASTER CHRONOMETER: Self-winding; water resistant. 18K gold with 18K gold dial figures. Registered Individual Rating Certificate attests to its unvarying accuracy...\$400, Fed. tax incl.



OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST



Olympic Cross



British National Physical Laboratory



Geneva Observatory

FALSE BUT DEMONSTRABLY FALSE... ON BEHALF OF MY COLLEAGUE ALBERT GRUNDEMAN WE WOULD ASK THAT YOU CORRECT THIS OBVIOUSLY FALSE STATEMENT WHICH YOU HAVE PUBLISHED AS IF IT WERE JUDICIALLY ESTABLISHED FACT.

ALLAN DALZIEL

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO LEADER OF OPPOSITION SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

¶ Australia's Royal Commissioners on Sept. 28 accepted Private Secretary Dalziel's denial that he had supplied any of the information contained in Document J and cleared him of any involvement. At the same time one of the three commissioners placed Grundeman in a "different category" because of meetings with Communist Rupert Lockwood, alleged author of Document J. Grundeman did not deny the meetings but has denied giving any information to Lockwood.—Ed.

Governor's Lady

Sir:
Your description of Ed Muskie's wife [TIME, Sept. 27]—"will quite possibly be the youngest and prettiest governor's lady in the U.S."—arouses my curiosity. How about letting TIME readers see a picture of this beautiful young woman? [see cut].

SEYMOUR D. LESSER

Berkeley, Calif.



JANE MUSKIE

Wishing Well

Sir:

J. J. Servan-Schreiber [TIME, Sept. 27] paints a beautiful picture of what Mendes-France is trying to do for France. We wish him well, and I am sure that if he succeeds Americans will be among the first to cheer.

But Servan-Schreiber fails utterly to explain what is wrong with EDC or why it is necessary for Mendes-France... to kick U.S. diplomats in the teeth in order to set France's internal house in order.

Has France sunk so low that the only means a French Premier has of gaining support is to thumb his nose at France's allies, even at the risk of sacrificing the future of Western civilization in Europe?

MENNO DUERKSEN

Memphis

Sir:

... The roots of present French weakness go deep into the roots of the very economy and habits of the country. Mendes-France is out to transform the economy of France from a cobwebbed cartelized stand-pattism into a vigorous competitive capitalism. To do this he must step on some well-shod toes, but in the ensuing process France will leave the broad line of U.S. foreign aid and take her rightful place in the community of Western nations...

SEYMOUR M. GOLDBERG

Dorchester, Mass.

Grimm's Way

Sir:

Surely Fletcher Grimm [TIME Letters, Sept. 27] takes his cinema too seriously. If *High and Dry* conveys so much to him [i.e., strikes him as an allegory of a patient, generous U.S. cheated and sneered at by a wily Europe], Heaven help America if we took you at face value of the American cinema.

(MRS.) K. M. MONTGOMERY

Hayling Island, Eng.

Professor Edmund P. Learned

Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration—writes on

The Truth About Gasoline Prices

In these days of high prices it seems as if *everything* we buy costs at least twice as much as it used to. That's why it's encouraging to tell you about a commodity which, outside of increased taxes, actually costs little more than it did in 1925. I'm talking about today's gasoline.

It is very important to note that the consumer owes this favorable price situation to one basic factor—the healthy struggle for competitive advantage among all U. S. oil companies and gasoline dealers.

I can demonstrate how this competition works by a study made of a typical midwestern oil company. This company was considered a price leader because of its dominant market position. Yet in Ohio alone its products were in active competition with the brands of 7 large national companies, 5 smaller but well established regional companies and the private brands of jobbers and large retailers.

The company's retail prices were the result of keen local competition. Except for differences in customer services or unusual locations, prices out of line with competition caused loss of trade. From the social point of view, retail prices in Ohio were sound. Consumers had ample opportunity to choose between varying elements of price, service and quality. Their choice determined the volume of business for the dealer and the supplying company. New or old firms were free to try any combination of appeals to attract new business. Even the biggest marketer had to meet competitive prices. And price leadership—in the sense of ability to set prices at will—was impossible. If, as rarely happened, a price was established that was not justified by economic forces, some competitor always brought it down.

Consider the effect of this competition since gasoline taxes were first introduced. The first state gasoline tax was enacted in 1919. Last year, in 50 representative American cities, federal, state, and local gasoline taxes amounted to 7½ cents that had to

be included in the price paid by consumers. Nevertheless, management ingenuity contrived to keep the actual advance in price to consumers down to 3½ cents. This is an outstanding record in view of the general increases in wages and higher costs of crude oil.

This same competitive force among oil companies has resulted in the 50% gasoline improvement since 1925. The research and engineering efforts of the oil companies supported by the improved designs of automobile engines, have produced gasoline so powerful that today 2 gallons do the work that 3 used to do in 1925.



Edmund P. Learned, professor of Business Administration at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration is the author of a study on the pricing of gasoline by a midwestern oil company. This study, considered to be a classic on the gasoline price question, was published in the *Harvard Business Review* and is the basis for this article.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by The American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

**We've
reached
another goal
in life!**



CUSTOMIZED

High Fidelity
BY RCA

Your new step toward good living... enjoyment of masterpieces in music reproduced to rich, full perfection by RCA's "new orthophonic" High Fidelity components. Cabinetry styling matches this superlative experience in sound. For amazing ease of assembly... plug together RCA High Fidelity intermatched components and place them in the cabinet.

Developed by the pioneer in electronic research, RCA High Fidelity bears the name that assures years of pleasant listening. RCA record changer, stylus, amplifier, and speaker — ready to assemble in your own cabinet or bookcase—as little as \$143.22*. See, hear them at your RCA dealer's.

*Suggested retail prices



RCA record changers, radio tuners, amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, speakers, tape recorders, cabinets and speaker enclosures can be assembled into any one of 32 combinations to give the customized music system of your choice.

RCA CUSTOMIZED

High Fidelity



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

In the newspaper- and magazine-publishing businesses, our bureau of standards is an organization called the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Every important publication in the U.S. that carries advertising and has a paid circulation is a member of the A.B.C. As its name indicates, the bureau is the authority on correct circulation figures. This month the A.B.C. is celebrating its 40th anniversary.

Before the bureau was organized, true figures on a publication's circulation were seldom available. Probably the first attempt to get an impartial audit of a publication's circulation was back in 1847, when the New York Tribune challenged the New York Herald as to which had the larger circulation. The rival publishers finally selected two impartial judges to settle the controversy, and the judges went

Bureau of Circulations was launched to verify circulation claims on a basis of uniform standards. Membership was voluntary and consisted of publishers, advertisers and their agencies. The first year there were 612 members. This month, 40 years later, the roster of A.B.C. members is 3,554 (673 advertisers, 192 agencies and 2,689 publishers).

In making their audits, the A.B.C. auditors, who are highly trained certified public accountants, are given full access to a publication's circulation records. Then they verify these records by independent research. Records of both newsstand and subscription sales are studied and checked. Newsdealers' sales are tabulated, and deductions made for unsold copies. Subscription lists are checked and methods of selling subscriptions are noted.

When the audit is finished, the publication's total circulation is then posted

FIRST HALF OF 1954 - NET PAID CIRCULATION		
TIME U.S.		1,860,976
TIME CANADIAN		164,611
TIME LATIN AMERICAN		49,922
TIME ATLANTIC		97,249
TIME PACIFIC		77,337
		<u>2,250,095</u>



to work on their audit. Their method: a careful count of the amount of newspaper used by each paper over a four-week period. When the count was completed, circulation title went to the Herald, on the ground that it had used 1,075½ reams vs. the Tribune's 720½ reams of newspaper.

This kind of test would satisfy nobody today—least of all the advertiser, who has a right to know accurately how much circulation he is receiving for his investment in advertising.

In the undisciplined days of rough-and-tumble publishing, many publishers were reluctant to open their books for audit. A further difficulty lay in the fact that there was no standard bookkeeping and auditing method in the publishing business. Groups of advertisers and their agents organized and continued to push for accurate circulation figures and a uniform method of presenting them.

Gradually, publishers realized that the practice of audited circulation would be as beneficial to them as to advertisers, and in 1914 the Audit

in a detailed annual A.B.C. report, which not only shows the quantity of the circulation and its distribution, but also the methods used to get that circulation.

The Audit Bureau of Circulations has, in fact, become an indispensable factor in modern newspaper and magazine publishing. The late Senator and Publisher Arthur Capper of Kansas once described the A.B.C. this way:

"... The only institution in America in which the producer and the consumer, the manufacturer and the customer, the seller and the buyer have voluntarily sat down together and have cooperated, harmoniously and with good feeling, in establishing standards of practice."

That description still stands as a good appraisal of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

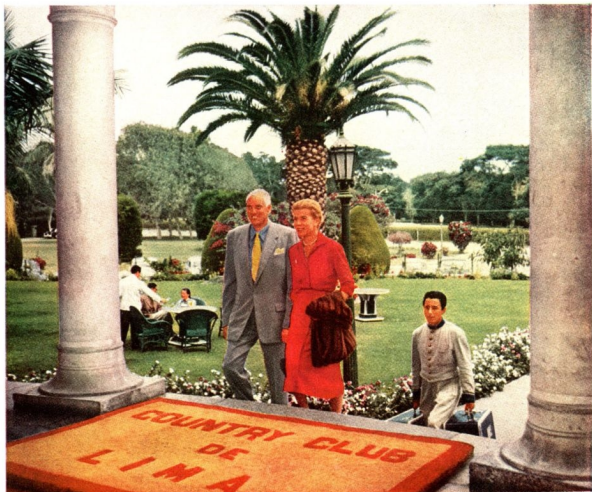


Short cut to

SOUTH AMERICA

• How's your map I.Q.? Some maps push continents around, but this map shows you where South America *really is!* Almost all of it lies *east* of Miami! That's why, no matter where you live in the U.S.A., the shortest way to "B.A." is via *El InterAmericano's* route straight down the West Coast.

Choose from 12 flights weekly: Deluxe *El InterAmericano*, daily DC-6, or thrifty *El Pacifico*, DC-6B tourist service. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American, Panagra's U. S. Sales Agent.



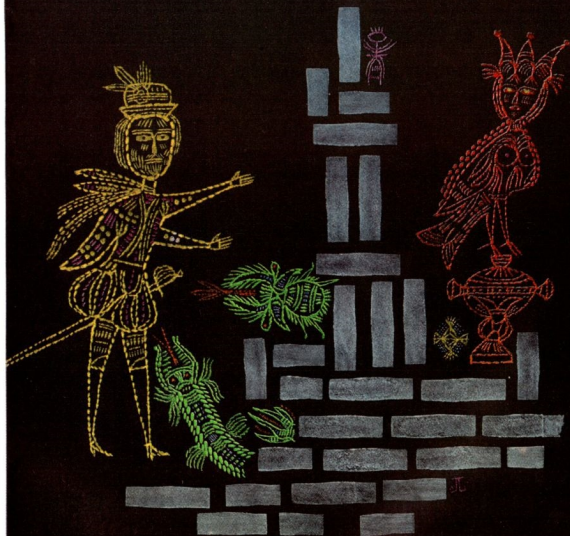
Doorway to low-cost luxury in Lima, Peru. You don't know South America until you've seen its West Coast.

Pan American-Grace Airways **PANAGRA**
WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

Shakespeare ON CONFIDENCE & COURAGE

*Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.*

(MEASURE FOR MEASURE / 1604)



GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN: one of a series
artist: JOSEPH LOW



CONTAINER CORPORATION of AMERICA



A DOG'S BATH is serious business for the kids. And that's as it should be. Because the responsibility they take now will help teach them to tackle increasingly bigger things as they grow up. And then they'll be ready to handle their own affairs.

Haven't you often wished that you could help them off to a good financial start? That may be easier than you

think. Your Massachusetts Mutual man can tell you about a new life insurance policy for children that automatically expands to *five* times its original value when the child is 21—at no increase in the premium.

Why not call him for the full details. Or, if you don't know his name, just call the number under "Massachusetts Mutual" in your telephone book.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

Springfield, Massachusetts

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Shining Evidence

On a 692-station radio and television hookup last week, President Eisenhower addressed himself to all the people of the U.S. He spoke as the political leader of the Republican Party, and he spoke on behalf of the Republican Party candidates for Congress. In so doing, he gave renewed proof that, when he permits himself to be, he is a highly effective politician.

Ike's speech originally was scheduled as a routine appeal to get out the vote. He was persuaded to let out the political stops by G.O.P. bigwigs, who were in and out of Denver all week with doleful reports of Republican chances. Their pessimism was backed by a Gallup poll, which indicated that, outside the South, Republican congressional candidates hold only a 51% to 49% lead—and a 55% G.O.P. vote outside the South is considered necessary for control of Congress. The day of his speech Ike spent long hours going over campaign strategy with top Republicans, who had been summoned to Denver.

Before the President uttered a word in Denver's Civic Auditorium Annex, it was clear that this was to be a strictly Republican occasion; Ike posed with G.O.P. leaders flanking him on either side; he was introduced by an ebullient Vice President Richard Nixon, who loped onto the stage. In his first nine sentences, the President mentioned the Republican Party five times.

The Past. On Nov. 4, 1952, said President Eisenhower, U.S. voters crowded the polls to dictate a change in Government. What did they want?

"Two years ago," said Ike, "Americans wanted an end to the war in Korea—a war allowed to become futile, seemingly without end . . . Americans wanted a Government thrifty and frugal with the public's money. They wanted a stop to the endless rise in taxes, taking more and more of the family income to support an overgrown Washington bureaucracy. They wanted something done about inflation—to end the growing discouragement, as, day by day, pensions and savings and the weekly paycheck bought less and less at the corner store. Americans were determined to eliminate penetration by the Communist conspiracy in our Government and in our whole society. They did not consider it a red herring."

On the 1952 world scene, the President recalled, war raged in Indo-China as well



REPUBLICAN LEADER EISENHOWER & LIEUTENANTS* (IN DENVER)

"You just can't have one car with two drivers . . ."

as in Korea. Iran, with 60% of the world's known petroleum reserves, lay in deadly danger. Suez and Trieste were constant threats to peace. Even in the Americas, Communists were ready to take over Guatemala. All these were problems handed over to the Republican Administration.

The Present. How well have the Republicans met the challenge? Ike proudly ticked off some answers:

¶ Government costs have been cut by \$11 billion and taxes by \$7.4 billion—the "largest tax reduction in history." The U.S. has been given "the strongest armed forces in our peacetime history" for less money. The Government has stopped roasting coffee, baking bread and making paint. It has stopped running a hotel. It has stopped running a tug and barge business on the inland waterways. It "has been returning to private citizens activities traditionally theirs."

¶ The Republican-led Congress passed a new housing program. It passed a new farm program—a program to "promote lasting farm prosperity in an America no longer at war." It extended social-security coverage to 10.2 million more Americans. It passed a huge tax-revision bill designed to eliminate long-standing inequalities.

¶ The Korean war has ended. Suez and Iran no longer are open sores. Yugoslavia and Italy have "settled their differences

over Trieste." And just signed in London is "an agreement of momentous significance [that] will powerfully strengthen the defense of the West." Said Ike: "For the first time in 20 years, there is no active battlefield anywhere in the world."

The Future. What remains to be done? Ike named expanded foreign trade, improvements in the domestic economy, a new armed-forces reserve program, statehood for Hawaii, changes in the labor-management laws, and civil-rights advances.

"Now, my friends," he said, "a cold war of partisan politics between the Congress and the executive branch won't give us these goals. This brings up a political fact of life. You know perfectly well that you just can't have one car with two drivers at the steering wheel and expect to end up any place but in the ditch—especially when the drivers are set on going in different directions. You cannot have efficient Federal Government when the Congress wants to follow one philosophy of government and the executive

* From left: National Chairman Leonard Hall, Senate Majority Leader William Knowland, Vice President Nixon, House Rules Committee Chairman Leo Allen, House Whip Leslie Arends, the President, House Majority Leader Charles Halleck, Speaker Joe Martin and Senate Policy Committee Chairman Homer Ferguson.

branch another. In our system of government, progress is made when the leaders of the executive branch and the majority of Congress are members of the same political party. The unsurpassed record of the 83rd Congress is shining evidence of this truth."

These, said Ike, are the compelling reasons for the election of a Republican majority in Congress this fall.

THE PRESIDENCY

Lady with a Doughnut

A strange vehicle rolled down Denver's Ivanhoe Street one day last week and pulled to a stop in front of No. 626. It had once been a bus until Mrs. Ellen Harris, G.O.P. candidate for Congress in Colorado's First District, gave it the jawbreaking name of "Congrelephant," and made

hug from the President's lady. Two teenage boys stuck their heads in the rear window and shouted: "Hey, Mamie, how about your autograph?" She obliged. The volunteer workers serving coffee and doughnuts had a bad case of nerves. One confessed later: "My knees were so weak that I was afraid I'd pour coffee on the First Lady." Diet-conscious Mamie was a little unsettled herself by the doughnuts, but reached for one reluctantly ("Oh dear me, I would take the one with the most sugar").

Later, outside the bus, Mamie slipped her arm around Candidate Harris' waist and made her first solo political speech of the campaign. It would also be a big boost in Mrs. Harris' uphill fight to unseat Democratic Congressman Byron Rogers. "Ladies," said Mamie, "I hope you'll all vote for her. We women have to have a voice

On his 18-day visit, Mohammed Ali plans to make a dozen talks, to see Old Faithful and Mt. Rushmore's heroic sculptures, and to get a medical checkup, a Columbia honorary degree and a tribal welcome from the Blackfeet Indians. This week in Washington he will confer with President Eisenhower on "matters of mutual interest." This month the U.S. plans to send Pakistan its first arms shipment under the new mutual-aid pact.

In all Asia, the U.S. has no better friend than hustling, bustling Mohammed Ali, 45, who runs the world's sixth largest nation (pop. nearly 80 million). "I'm on the side of the U.S.," he has said. "I think personally that the U.S. is doing a great job, and I want to say so."

Son of a rich Bengal landowner, Ali served as an envoy abroad from the time of Pakistan's creation until last year. On a brief trip home, to his surprise, he was chosen Prime Minister—partly because he had not been entangled in politics during his six-year absence. He shook hands with hungry Pakistanis on Karachi's streets, earnestly said: "I am one of you, and I will do all my best."

Pakistan, which was near turmoil when he took over, has become a stable U.S. ally. Ali is cheerfully confident of solving Pakistan's almost insoluble problems: shortages of food, money, industry and skills.

Mohammed Ali developed his unabashed crush on America while serving as his country's ambassador (1952-53). He picked up U.S. slang, went often to watch the Washington Senators, took to bowling with his embassy staff. He drove around most of the 48 states with his pretty wife and two teen-age sons, collecting American gadgets, idiom and ideas.

At his first press conference as Premier, he baffled Pakistan with such phrases as: "That's the \$64 question." Pakistan seems taken with his breezy ways; he goes about unescorted, sometimes wears loud sport shirts and a baseball beanie. Recently he even ordered Pakistan traffic, long patterned to the British rule of driving on the left, to move over to the right-hand side of the road, U.S. style.

INVESTIGATIONS

Toward Trial

The Justice Department won a round last week in the case of Owen Lattimore, once an important influence in framing U.S. policy in the Far East. Last summer a U.S. Court of Appeals voided the key count in Lattimore's perjury indictment—for denying that he was "a sympathizer of Communism"—because the word "sympathizer" has too many differing dictionary definitions.

Last week a Federal Grand Jury indicted Lattimore for denying that he had been 1) a "follower of the Communist line" and 2) a "promoter of Communist interests." The new indictment lists 132 instances where, it says, Lattimore's writings and the Communist Party line coincided.



MAMIE EISENHOWER & CANDIDATE HARRIS (RIGHT) ABOARD THE "CONGRELEPHANT"
The campaign rolled on sugar.

it over. From the front hung an elephant's trunk spouting smoke. It had a tail and four-foot ears, and big blue eyes were painted on the windshield. To the housewives of Ivanhoe Street, the Congrelephant was not nearly so exciting as a simple black Chrysler limousine that pulled up 15 minutes later. The limousine brought Mamie Doud Eisenhower to do some politicking for her friend Ellen Harris.

Mamie smiled her way through some 200 persons spilling around the sidewalk (mostly women and children) and entered the Congrelephant. She pinned a Harris-for-Congress button on her coat and began to shake hands with the women crowding into the bus, which had been redone into a sort of traveling living room. One of the first housewives in line was Mrs. Robert M. Johnson, who brought her son Randy. "You don't know what this means to us," she gushed. "You see, Randy was born the day Ike was elected President." He got a

in things." The home movie cameras ground away, and people with Brownies worked furiously while Mamie met a dachshund pup named Ike, told him: "Why hello, Ike, I'll tell Ike I saw you today." She shook more hands and gave more autographs in a big, scrawling hand. When she climbed into her limousine, she was still clutching her doughnut. A thoroughly captivated crowd watched her wave it as the car pulled away.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Friend from the East

Pakistan's Premier Mohammed Ali, a cricket player who also likes baseball, reached the U.S. on a state visit last week too late for the World Series but much impressed by the Cleveland Indians' defeat. "You have proved to me," quipped Ali, whose country is at odds with Nehru's nation, "that the Indians are overrated."

Pipeline via Paris?

Joseph Sydney Petersen Jr., 40, a research analyst engaged in secret Government work since 1941, was fired on Oct. 1. One night last week, talking long-distance with an aunt in New Orleans, he said he was expecting a "big promotion." Next day he was arrested by the FBI.

Petersen was charged with obtaining secret documents—between March 1, 1948 and Dec. 31, 1952—"to the injury of the United States or to the advantage of a foreign nation." The foreign nation: France. U.S. agents said that secrets passed by Petersen to French government agents were later stolen in Paris by the Baranès spy group (see FOREIGN NEWS), which put the information into Communist hands.

Tall, shambling, cross-eyed and bespectacled, Petersen flushed and hung his head when arraigned. At first, he did not want a hearing, a lawyer or any attempt to get freedom on bail. Born in New Orleans, he went to Catholic schools and took a master's degree in science at St. Louis University. He taught physics before entering the Government.

But he worked in one of the nation's most highly classified, high-powered centers of secret information, the National Security Agency, which operates behind heavy guards and a double row of metal fencing at Arlington Hall, near the Pentagon. Its thousands of employees are cautioned not to tell anyone where they work. The agency is not even listed in standard Government directories. Petersen had complete access to all of the agency's secrets.



SUSPECT PETERSEN
Nephew had a future.

United Press

The Money Man

In a column about horse races, the New York Herald Tribune's Red Smith last week wrote: "Mr. Joe E. Lewis, who says comical things in nightclubs and bets on them at race tracks, is the author of a profound observation made after years of first-hand study. 'I have been rich and I have been poor,' Mr. Lewis says, 'and believe me, rich is better.' There are various ways of getting rich without help from the Federal Housing Administration."

By now, obviously, the FHA scandals have become part of nightclub repertoires, Red Smith's column and American folklore generally. (The tabloids had fun with the story of Ian Woodner, a Washington builder who charged to FHA projects \$87,000 for detectives—partly to check up on his ex-wife.) Until last week, however, nobody knew much about the central character: Clyde L. (for Libbon) Powell, 58, who joined FHA under the Democrats in 1934 and was forced out last spring. From 1946 to 1950, as assistant commissioner, he authorized projects that netted some \$500 million in unwarranted windfall profits.

Powell, who looks like Santa Claus with a shave, twice refused to testify before Senator Homer Capehart's Banking Committee. Last week, called up again, he refused again—to avoid incriminating himself. But other witnesses were more obliging.

Easy Come. An officer of the Riggs National Bank, where Powell kept an account and a safe-deposit box, testified that from 1945 through 1953 Powell deposited \$218,630—nearly three times as much as his total federal salary, which he listed as his only income on his tax returns.

Nathan Manilow, developer of Chicago's \$30 million Park Forest project, indicated where Powell's extra money came from. One source, it turned out, was Manilow himself. In March 1948 Manilow lent Powell \$7,500. Soon afterwards Powell authorized Park Forest to collect two months' advance rent from tenants.

Outright bribery was reported by Albert Cassel, an architect who had asked Powell for a \$709,000 added mortgage on a Washington apartment project. "Mr. Powell told me the amount of work he had done on the thing," said Cassel, "how he helped the project to survive from the very beginning, and before this thing would be finally approved by him we would have to give him \$10,000."

Did he pay up? Yes, said Cassel; he gave Powell \$10,000 in three installments, and right away the \$709,000 increase was approved.

Easy Go. Powell's pressing need for money was explained, in part, by a Damon Runyonesque witness: Wardwell Dexter, onetime bookie commission man, whose yellow, shortsleeved shirt brightened the somber Senate caucus room. Dexter related that Powell made racing bets by phone almost every day, averaging \$100 or more daily for a time. Sometimes



SUSPECT POWELL
Santa had a strongbox.

United Press

he did not pay the losses. One day he bet \$1,500, and lost. "What was your relationship with Clyde Powell?" he was asked. "Unfortunately," replied Dexter, summing it all up.

A sad episode was related by William Taylor Johnson of Virginia Beach, Va., a contractor who built five Powell-approved projects. In August 1950, he said, Powell came from Washington and went to the nearby Dunes Club to gamble. "He had quite a few drinks" and lost heavily, Johnson said. At dawn they returned to Johnson's home but were followed by the Dunes Club operators, who demanded \$3,000 to cover Powell's losses at dice. Johnson related that he gave Powell money to pay off the gamblers.

"You handed Clyde Powell \$3,000 in cash [and] you never saw the \$3,000 again?" he was asked. "That's right," said the contractor morosely. Powell listened with wide-eyed interest and said nothing.

THE CONGRESS

Change

Francis Carr, 38, the impassive Buddha of last spring's McCarthy hearings, promised to stay on the job as staff director of Senator Joe McCarthy's investigating subcommittee "unless I am voted out." Last week Carr changed his mind and resigned to take a job with New York's Associated Transport, Inc. (protecting its 2,000 trucks from routine hijacking and pilferage).

To replace Carr, Chairman McCarthy picked sleek, swarthy James Juliana, 37, who took the blame during the hearings for the cropped photo of Private Dave Schine and Army Secretary Bob Stevens.

NEW JERSEY

A Political Microcosm

(See Cover)

In mid-October 1954, the U.S. political scene is a multicolored landscape of issues and personalities, with the commanding figure of Dwight D. Eisenhower giving a national shading to the whole picture. The color and design of the campaign vary from state to state, but within the narrow borders of New Jersey there is a striking miniature of the national scene. At work there are nearly all the factors that bear on the elections of 1954, highlighted by Jersey's own style of politics.

In a sense, New Jersey is a Democratic state: it is heavily industrialized, has a substantial organized labor vote. In an-

Noisy Backfire. Carefully hand-picked as the candidate by G.O.P. leaders, Clifford Case, an Eisenhower Republican, nevertheless ran into trouble not long after the campaign began. A small, reactionary G.O.P. faction began trying to force Case off the ballot on the grounds that he was 1) a weak candidate, and 2) not a Republican. Led by James P. Selva, a onetime (1933-38) pressagent for the National Association of Manufacturers, the anti-Case faction contended that the nominee was a dangerous left-winger, the darling of the C.I.O. and of the Americans for Democratic Action.

The movement reached its peak in a jingle attacking both Case and Democratic Senatorial Candidate Charles Howell. Sung to the tune of *Three Blind Mice*

faction ignored the fact that the New Jersey A.D.A. (which has found both Case and Howell "endorseable"), is a minuscule organization with no real political strength. But to the ultraconservative element of New Jersey, it was a handy bad word to tie to Cliff Case. From the start, the movement had no chance of getting Case off the ballot. No important leader of New Jersey Republicanism ever joined it. There was talk about a write-in campaign for former U.S. Representative Fred Hartley (Taft-Hartley), but no one thought has-been Hartley would get many votes.

As a result of the move, however, many Case supporters were stirred to action. Dwight Eisenhower invited him to the White House and endorsed Case as exactly the kind of candidate the Republicans should have. Then the Republican National Committee sent National Chairman Leonard Hall, Vice President Richard Nixon, House Speaker Joseph Martin, Pennsylvania's Senator Ed Martin and Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen to New Jersey to speak up for Case. Indignantly, old (80) former Governor Walter Edge came charging out of retirement to defend Case against the "party wreckers." Probable net result of the whole Republican anti-Case movement: a noisy backfire, a net gain for Case.

Innocence by Disassociation. But Candidate Case has had trouble with another issue that turns one way in the nation, another in New Jersey: corruption. Nationally, the most important corruption issue at the height of the campaign is the Federal Housing Administration scandal, a hangover from a Democratic Administration. In New Jersey the old mess in Trenton overshadows the old mess in Washington. Democrats are constantly and joyfully reminding the Republicans and the voters that one recent Republican governor (Harold G. Hoorman, who served in 1935-38) embezzled \$300,000 from the state, another G.O.P. governor's executive clerk has been indicted for taking protection money from gangsters, and the last Republican candidate for governor tried to get a labor racketeer out of prison.

This aura of corruption is a heavy burden for Case to bear. In addition, it has removed from the working-campaign organization many old G.O.P. professionals whose skill would be helpful, but whose reputations might be fatal. Case truthfully tells the voters that he had no part in making this splattered record, but the Democrats, using the guilt-by-association argument so familiar to U.S. politics, are making some headway with the Republican record of corruption.

Rabbit & Hounds. The question of organized-party effort, important everywhere, has taken on a special significance this year in New Jersey. A spectacularly revived Democratic organization is moving full force behind Senatorial Candidate Howell, a gangling (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.) three-term Congressman from Trenton. The key man in the organization is not



G.O.P.'s CASE (STANDING) & DEMOCRATS' HOWELL*
A Democratic rabbit paced on old heel-and-toe man.

other sense, it is an Eisenhower Republican state: its suburban areas lying outside New York City and Philadelphia are populated largely by commuters—business and professional men. It has its McCarthy element, centered squarely in Democratic Hudson County (Jersey City), where Frank ("I Am the Law") Hague (now retired) built his machine. In recent years New Jersey has developed an aura of political corruption, although it is well-supplied with reformers.

While this complex set of circumstances is affecting the whole campaign in New Jersey, it is wound tightest around Clifford Case Jr., a gaunt (6 ft., 158 lbs.), intense, intelligent brawler from Rahway (pop. 21,000), who is the Republican nominee for U.S. Senator.

(and with particular relish by the fiery-eyed, thin-lipped women who belong to an organization called Pro-America), the ditty went:

*A, D, A; A, D, A.
They made them run. They made them run.*

*First they nominate Clifford Case,
Then they throw Howell in the race.
A, D, A; A, D, A...*

*Have you ever seen such a race as this?
You can only vote for two socialists...
A, D, A...*

In writing their lyrics, the anti-Case

* At right: Rutgers Philosophy Professor Houston Peterson.

Howell (whose pet project on Capitol Hill has been the establishment of a Federal Fine Arts Commission), but New Jersey Governor Robert Meyner.

Ever since he swept in as governor in 1953, Meyner has been skillfully rebuilding the Democratic state organization. Unlike Democrat Boss Hague, who ran his machine as a one-city, one-county operation, Meyner is building a statewide coalition of county leaders. Although he has more patronage at his disposal than most other governors in the U.S., Meyner has doled it out sparingly. This year he has let local leaders know that the way to get more is to work hard for Charlie Howell. Following that skillfully operated political rabbit, the county men are working and running like hungry hounds.

As the campaign moves on, Meyner's "investigators" are lading out aromatic tidbits of past Republican scandals. Meyner has scheduled more than 40 campaign speeches. It is obvious that he considers this an important election for himself. He wants his own Democratic Senator in Washington, and he wants a powerful state organization. An ambitious man, he has his long-range telescope carefully trained on the Democratic National Convention of 1956, where he believes there will be a demand for a powerful and successful governor for either one place or the other on the national ticket.

Sailboat on Wheels. As Clifford Case faces this sharply barbed array of political circumstances, he has little reason for shock. He is deeply rooted in New Jersey history, political and nonpolitical. At least six generations of Cases have lived in New Jersey. Clifford's great-grandfather, Peter Case, was a court crier in Somerset County a century ago. His uncle, Clarence E. Case, now living in retirement in Somerville, was a state senator and for 23 years a State Supreme Court Justice.

From his lawyer-politician uncle, Case acquired at least part of his bent for the law and for politics: from his father, the Rev. Clifford Case Sr., a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, he acquired a deep interest in public affairs and a solid set of Christian principles.

Clifford Case Sr. was pastor of the Six Mile Run^{*} Dutch Reformed Church at Franklin Park, N.J. when his first son was born on April 16, 1904. Clifford Jr., his brother and four sisters grew up in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. in a home that was not prosperous but was pleasant. The Rev. Case was not a formal man. When Clifford Jr. found a diagram for a sailboat on wheels, his father helped him build one in the attic. The sight of Pastor Case riding down the street with two or three of his children in the hybrid vehicle was, for a time, the talk of Poughkeepsie.

There was much conversation about current events, including politics, in the Case household. The Rev. Case was a staunch Republican—so staunch that he canceled his subscription to the New York



Lisa Larsen—Life
GOVERNOR MEYNER
Patronage for patrons only.

Times when it endorsed Woodrow Wilson for President.

Grandfather "Buddy." Young Clifford turned to books and music, and at an early age acquired a reputation for independent thinking. The class prophecy of the Poughkeepsie High School class of 1921 said: "On March 4, 1941, the people of the United States will have at their head a most efficient executive department consisting of the following members . . . Vice President Clifford Case, with his negative view of facts, will serve as a check on the President. His good nature, however, and his stubborn hair will keep the Cabinet happy and harmonious."

Never a star athlete, Case showed his



Associated Press
THE LATE GOVERNOR HOFFMAN
Guilt by association.

prowess in offbeat competitions. He won a prune-eating contest at a Y.M.C.A. summer camp. And on his library mantel is a cup given him for winning a heel-and-toe walking race at a fair near Poughkeepsie in 1921. He had entered the contest because he considered it a "real challenge"; the only other man in the race was a postman. At Rutgers (where he was Phi Beta Kappa), he was an attack man on the varsity lacrosse team, and he has a broken nose to show for it.

The elder Case died when Clifford was only 16, leaving the family with limited financial resources. But it was unthinkable that Clifford would not go to Rutgers, the alma mater of his father and uncle Clarence. His mother (now a spry 75, still lives in Poughkeepsie) could muster part of the money, and Clifford made the rest by working at odd jobs, which included playing the pipe organ at churches on Sunday. In his junior year, Clifford met Ruth Miriam Smith, a freshman at the New Jersey College for Women. They were married four years later, now have two daughters, a son and one granddaughter, who calls her grandfather by a nickname that has clung to him since his childhood: "Buddy."

By the time Case finished law school in 1928, three New York firms were interested in him; he chose Simpson Thacher & Bartlett, respected experts in corporate law. He settled down to the life of a commuting Manhattan lawyer, but, says Mrs. Case: "When he's paying all of his attention to earning money, he gets itchy to help others."

The Case Party Line. Itching, he ran for the Rahway Common Council, was elected in 1937. After five years on the council, he moved up to the state assembly for two years, then in 1944 was elected U.S. Representative from New Jersey's Sixth District (Union County; Elizabeth). He was re-elected four times by wide margins, and in 1952 polled a record-breaking majority of 55,000 votes, 20,000 more than any other candidate ever received in that district, and 10,000 more than Dwight Eisenhower's majority.

His record as a Congressman (plus his open opposition to Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy) is what set off the opposition of the G.O.P. splinter group in New Jersey. It is a record that prompted C.I.O. and A.F.L. leaders to endorse him for re-election to Congress in the past, although they favor his opponent this year. It is a liberal record, particularly on issues of foreign policy, welfare and civil rights. But it is far from "left-wing," as his votes on two key issues indicate: he voted for the Taft-Hartley law; he voted against the Brannan Plan. In 1948 he helped Richard Nixon draft the Mundt-Nixon subversives-control bill. The Case record does not follow any party line; it follows the conscience of thinking, independent, careful Clifford Case.

The Selva movement in 1954 is not Case's first brush with the ultraconservative element of New Jersey Republicanism. In 1952, after he supported Dwight

* So named because it was on a brook, or run, six miles from New Brunswick.

Eisenhower for the G.O.P. nomination, he made a speech warning the party against its "irreconcilable elements." One newspaper story interpreted this as a Case effort to read Ohio's Robert A. Taft and his followers out of the party. Case denied any such intent, and Taft came into New Jersey and endorsed Case. Nevertheless, some Taft followers sought to defeat him.

This same opposition carried over into 1953, when Case entered the race for the

actually a minority in Congress and in the country. [This minority] presses so hard for extremes that it arouses an understandable and proper reaction."

Case, who considers himself a conservative, is wholly committed to the belief that the U.S. should travel the "middle way" in solving its domestic and international problems. He holds that the Republican Party is the instrument to find and follow that way, "not appealing to

Hudson, he is in. In 1949, when Republican Alfred Driscoll was elected governor, he carried Bergen by 48,000 votes, lost Hudson by only 3,400. Four years later, when Republican Paul Troast was defeated, he carried Bergen by only 5,000, lost Hudson by 71,000. Political observers believe that Case will have to carry Bergen by at least 35,000 to win.

Although many political factors in New Jersey are running against Case, some weigh for him. One of these is New Jersey's established tendency to elect Republican Senators. In 16 elections since the state's voters began choosing their Senators in 1916, only three Democrats have been elected to full terms. It is clear that, in 1953, the Jersey revolt was more against Candidate Troast than it was against his party. While Troast lost the state by 150,000 votes, the aggregate of the votes for local offices gave the G.O.P. a state margin of more than 50,000.

Recent polls have shown that a high percentage of the voters in New Jersey are still undecided about the Senate race. This may well be an advantage for Case, because he has a far wider appeal to the uncommitted voter than does Party-Line Democrat Howell.

"The Greatest Opportunity." Despite his political appeal, Clifford Case is not the kind of man who particularly enjoys the kind of political fight that now surrounds him. He is an intellectual, a precisionist (to keep meticulous account of the family's budget, he uses seven checkbooks for one joint bank account) who likes to live a well-ordered life. He and Mrs. Case are essentially homebodies. Their interests tend to books and classical records, to quiet dinners in front of the fireplace.

In the evening Case likes to go home to his restored Victorian house in Rahway, put on an old pair of tennis shorts, have a cocktail (dry Martini, lemon peel), and perhaps pick out a few chords on the piano. At times he enjoys taking the basketball out into the backyard and shooting baskets with his ten-year-old son, or splitting some wood for the fireplace. On a Sunday morning, he likes to make waffles for breakfast from his own recipe, and then take his family to Rahway's Second Presbyterian Church; on a Sunday afternoon, he likes to wash and polish his 1948 Cadillac.

Now that he is in the midst of the nation's most complicated campaign for the U.S. Senate, Case has had to give up such pleasant moments. Why does a man of limited means give up a comfortable, \$40,000-a-year job and many of his favorite ways of life to make an uncertain race for political office, to become a target for political volleys from left and right? When that question is put to Clifford Case, he seems surprised that anyone should ask it. Says he: "A chance to serve in the United States Senate is the greatest opportunity a man could ever have."

This week, with election day three weeks away, Clifford Case's chances of winning that opportunity are a shade better than 50-50.



THE CASES AT HOME
Television was an afterthought.

governorship, and party leaders finally froze him out of the primary. They received a jolt, however, after Case resigned from Congress to become president of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic (an organization to further the cause of civil liberties in the U.S.). In the special election to fill Case's seat, the Sixth Congressional District—which Case had carried by a record margin—went Democratic for the first time since it was remapped in 1932. Before long, G.O.P. state leaders, who had decided that U.S. Senator Robert Hendrickson could not be re-elected, were urging Vote-Getter Case to move back into politics. At their urging, Case resigned the \$40,000-a-year Ford job last March to make the race.

The Middle Way. From the Hudson to the Delaware, Case has been pitching his campaign on support for Dwight Eisenhower. His main theme: the President needs a Republican Congress to carry on his program; a Democratic Congress would produce a stalemate. Says he: "When the Democrats are in control, the dominant wing of the party is always

the radicals of the left or the right." His warning: "If the needs of this country are not met by middle-of-the-road progressivism, the problems won't be met, and the time will come when only extremist solutions are possible."

In the first weeks of his campaign, Case, a far better campaigner than Democrat Howell, did most of his talking to small groups all over the state. His campaign almost ended as it was beginning: one day his car was sideswiped near Vineland and he was knocked unconscious. More recently, he has turned to television. Until six weeks ago, there was no television set in the Case home. Then Mrs. Case decided she could hardly bother her neighbors every time she wanted to watch her husband make a campaign speech.

Bergen v. Hudson. While the statewide campaign is important, most New Jersey elections turn on what happens in just two counties: Democratic Hudson (Jersey City) and Republican Bergen (Hackensack). If the Republican candidate can build up a good lead in Bergen and cut into the Democratic margin in

POLITICAL NOTES

The Promised Land

Last week Michigan buzzed with candidates for public office. Republican Senator Homer Ferguson graced a Bay City fish fry. His Democratic opponent, Patrick McNamara, until recently a local leader of the pipe fitters' union, gazed with admiring eye on a St. Clair County plowing contest. Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams was out exercising the charm that had won him the title (bestowed by a Republican) of "the Liberator of Michigan politics." His Republican rival, Lawyer Donald Leonard, politicked from Owosso to Kalamazoo.

Republicans in Michigan, as elsewhere, are banking heavily on President Eisenhower's personal popularity. They must fight off criticism of G.O.P. farm policy, and to do so, Homer Ferguson has taken a straight, shrewd Michigan line. Says he: "The rigid price-support program placed most of its emphasis on farm crops which account for less than 10% of the farm income for Michigan farmers."

Democrats are depending on unrest caused by layoffs in the Michigan auto industry. Says Patrick McNamara: "The No. 1 issue in the race is the upset of our economy under the Republicans . . . The simple truth is the Republicans promised the voters too much and a reaction has set in. It's a case of broken promises." And what does Candidate McNamara promise? Merely to work for 100% of parity and a federal minimum-wage law requiring \$1.25 an hour.

There was some doubt about how much all the fuss was worth in terms of political value. A recent survey, conducted under Republican auspices, showed Homer Ferguson ahead of McNamara by 65% to 35%, with Governor Williams leading Republican Leonard by 60% to 40%. If the poll was close to accurate—and many observers thought it was—no amount of campaigning could make up the difference.



MICHIGAN'S CANDIDATE FERGUSON
Liberator took a namesake.



OHIO'S CANDIDATES BURKE & BENDER
Coattails for two.

Arial Warfare

Ohio's senatorial campaign consists largely of Republican Candidate George Bender's being here, there and everywhere; whether that is good or bad for the G.O.P., nobody can quite decide. While Democratic Senator Thomas Burke has plugged quietly away at building up organizational support, Bender's baritone has boomed out in every Ohio gas station and cross-roads store. Win or lose, by last week George Bender had proved that he knows only one way to run for public office: loudly.

Bender recently bounced out on the platform of Dayton's Wayman African Methodist Episcopal Church, beamed down on perhaps 75 persons, and said hoarsely: "Don't worry, I'm not going to sing." He read a couple of pages of his prepared text, stopped and asked: "You don't want to hear this, do you?" At best, the audience seemed indifferent, so Bender scrapped his script, began pacing around, pounding on the rostrum, on the walls and on a nearby piano. He talked extemporaneously, mostly about singing. Said Cleveland-born Bender: "We don't hold meetings in Cleveland without singing and praying and shouting." But he added: "I sing horribly." Under Bender's exhortations ("What's the matter with this audience? This isn't a funeral parlor."), the spectators began to warm up. Bender eyed them wistfully. Said he: "If my throat was in good shape, I'd sing."

At long last, Bender sat down, after nary an aria. The meeting's chairman arose, tried to get in a few words, and was promptly interrupted. George Bender was sorry, but he wondered if someone would come forward to lead the singing. He waited all of two or three seconds for a volunteer, then lifted his arms—and his voice—in a rendition of *God Be With You Till We Meet Again*. It was a typical Bender performance.

Against such arial warfare, flat-toned

Democrat Tom Burke does not even try to compete—and he may not need to. Burke has concentrated on Ohio's industrial centers, hopes to come out of them with enough organization votes to offset Bender's advantage in the rural districts and Cincinnati's Taftland. Burke dislikes to campaign. As the four-time mayor of Cleveland, he rarely had to try hard, and he much prefers to spend his evenings in cozy spots with a few old political cronies. His campaign speeches have been studded with such unexciting lines as "Canton has more replevins for merchandise on credit than any time in its history."

Burke does, however, have one big fact in his favor. He is running under the aegis of Democratic Governor Frank Lausche, who appointed him to the Senate as Bob Taft's replacement. And, in Ohio, the Lausche coattails are second to none—not even Dwight Eisenhower's, to which former Taftman George Bender has clung with might and main. As of last week, Ohio looked like a coattail tossup.

The Battlers

At first, it looked as if New Yorkers were in for a slightly tedious, thoroughly respectable campaign for governor this year. On their records Republican Candidate Irving Ives and Democratic Candidate Averell Harriman could be expected to explore the issues with scholarly precision and to conduct themselves with the utmost decorum. Things didn't work out like that; by last week the campaign was not very respectable.

From Irving Ives, after his wife's skirt was spattered by a ripe tomato in Watertown, came some of the harshest language yet heard in a harsh U.S. political season. Cried Ives: "I've been under worse fire than that. I can't be more eloquent in what I have to say about this opposition than what has just been done here on this platform. It was aimed at me, and it's all right, because it came by indirection from Tammany Hall, the outfit that's running

this campaign on the Democratic side. And don't you think for one minute that as I progress in this campaign that I will hesitate to take off the gloves and take them on, because I can battle, too. I can get mad, too. And when I fight skunks, I fight skunks with the same kind of stink they have."

Four teen-age Watertown boys eventually confessed to the politically unsubsidized tomato-tossing, but by that time Averell Harriman had again enraged Ives. To avoid conflict with the Jewish holidays, New York's registration had been split into two periods. This device has been employed by Democratic state administrations in the past, but Harriman read into it a diabolical scheme this year to confuse the voters and keep registration down. Roared Irving Ives: "These Tammany-picked candidates, to hide their ignorance of state affairs, have fallen back on the last resource of sordid politics . . . This year they are so desperate and contemptible that they have sunk to the level of trying to stir up people to hate other people because we are respecting the holiest days of the religion of many of our people."

Was either candidate as angry as he sounded? Probably not. The spirit of professional wrestling seemed to have entered New York politics. Gentleman Ives and Gentleman Harriman were grimacing as if they feared Hatpin Mary would jab them if they relaxed.

From Sure to Improbable

The death of Nevada's splenetic old Senator Pat McCarran (TIME, Oct. 11) gave the G.O.P. hopes of an election-year windfall: a sure Senate seat. Republican Governor Charles Russell appointed Reno Attorney Ernest Brown to replace Democrat McCarran, clearly intended that Brown should finish the last two years of Pat's term. The Democrats, naturally, wanted an election this year.

Last week the Nevada Supreme Court (one Democrat, two Republicans) unanimously decided the legal tangle for the Democrats, ordered the balance of the term (January 1955 to January 1957) filled at next month's election. Brown will have to run against former State Attorney General Alan Bible, a friend and protégé of McCarran who was whipped in the 1952 senatorial primary by Political Amateur Tom Mechling. Mechling, in turn, was beaten by G.O.P. Senator George ("Molly") Malone, who in Nevada's strange and shifting political alliances had the backing of Democrat McCarran. The probability this year is that, with the Democrats united, Bible will win.

SUPREME COURT

A Hard Man to Pigeonhole

Shortly before noon one day last week, Justice Robert H. Jackson made his final purchase in a Washington department store, got into his car and headed for the Supreme Court Building. On the way he suffered a heart attack. He drove to the

nearby home of his secretary and, within minutes, Robert Houghwout Jackson was dead. In his 62 years he rose to eminence among lawyers, served with ability as U.S. Solicitor General and Attorney General, as Supreme Court Justice and as U.S. prosecutor at Nürnberg. When Jackson was named Attorney General, New Dealer Columnist Marquis Childs wrote: "If there is any single individual who represents all the qualities that commonly inhere in the term [New Dealer], it is the man who has just been made Attorney General of the U.S." But Robert Jackson could not be so easily defined; he was a hard man to pigeonhole.

Born in Spring Creek, Pa., a town his great-grandfather had helped found, he was reared as an Andrew Jacksonian Democrat. He began practicing law in



James Whitmore

JUSTICE JACKSON
History judges the record.

Jamestown, N.Y., after taking a two-year Albany Law School course in one year. His first clients were union men arrested in a violent transit strike. He got them acquitted. Before long he was vice president and general counsel of the Jamestown transit company. By the time he went to Washington, at 42, Jackson's abilities were widely recognized. His cases had included a \$1,700,000 judgment, a hearing by lantern before a backwoods justice of the peace, and the defense of a Communist arrested for selling the *Daily Worker* on a public square. (Years later he wrote in a Supreme Court opinion that to disregard Communists' legal rights would be to "cast aside protection for the liberties of more worthy citizens who may be in opposition to the Government of some future day.")

The \$200 Million Credo. Franklin Roosevelt had an eye for such promising young men: Jackson was brought to Washington as counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He landed right in the

middle of a tremendously complicated tax suit against former Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon. Cried Jackson, during the trial: "It is Mr. Mellon's credo that \$200 million can do no wrong. Our offense consists in doubting it." Mellon's estate was forced to pay \$700,000 in back taxes—and Bob Jackson took a big step upward in the New Deal hierarchy.

His way led to the position of Assistant Attorney General (while in that job, Jackson ardently supported President Roosevelt's effort to pack the Supreme Court), thence to Solicitor General and, in 1940, to Attorney General.

Defending his role in the court-packing plan (in a book published just before Jackson himself was named an Associate Justice), he pleaded eloquently for new blood in the court. There are, said he, "certain sustained and procedural pressures toward conservatism which only the most alert Justices will sense and only the most hardy will overcome."

Jackson was to become one of the more conservative-minded members of the court. More often than not, he found himself in vigorous dissent from the liberal opinions of Justices Hugo Black, William Douglas and Frank Murphy.

Outside the Law. On May 2, 1945, President Truman selected Jackson to serve as the chief U.S. prosecutor for the Nürnberg trials of Nazi war criminals. Jackson was lawyer enough to realize that the Nazi leaders were being tried on ex post facto grounds. He excused this by saying that the war criminals had been so wicked, so inhuman, that they "cannot bring themselves within the reason of the rule which in some systems of jurisprudence prohibits ex post facto laws." In his opening statement, Jackson said: "We must never forget that the record on which we judge these defendants today is the record on which history will judge us tomorrow. To pass these defendants a poisoned chalice is to put it to our own lips as well." History already has come to make a wry face on tasting the wine from Nürnberg's chalice. That the U.S. fought a war with Communist allies is completely justifiable, but that U.S. representatives then sat with Communist judges to try others on charges of "crimes against humanity" (of which the U.S. knew the Communists to be as guilty as the Nazis) is now recognized as a mockery of justice.

Simmering Feud. For Jackson, too, Nürnberg ended sourly. Nearing the completion of his work there, he sent a bitter cable to the House and Senate Judiciary Committees, accusing Justice Black of heading an anti-Jackson cabal within the Supreme Court. Headline writers had a field day before the Jackson-Black feud was returned to the privacy of the Supreme Court chambers. Even then it simmered on.

In his postwar years on the court, Jackson carried on as he always had—ably, and with a lucid pen. But clearheaded and forceful as he was, he never quite succeeded in expressing what it was that he stood for.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

DO NOT LET AMERICA GO ISOLATIONIST

BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL, addressing the Conservative Party conference at Blackpool:

EVER since Stalin died, I have cherished the hope that there is a new outlook in Russia, a new hope of peaceful coexistence with the Russian nation, and that it is our duty, patiently and daringly, to make sure whether there is such a chance or not. It is certainly the interest of the Russian people, who have experienced a terrible half-century of war, revolution and famine, to have an easier and more prosperous generation. While I have life and strength I shall persevere in this. But there is one risk that we must never run. Our policy is "peace through strength." We must never willingly or wittingly run the risk of "subjugation through weakness."

I have always thought that the growth of ever closer ties with the United States is the supreme factor in our future, and that together we may make the world safe for ourselves and everybody else. There is no other case of a nation arriving at the summit of world power, seeking no territorial gain, but earnestly resolved to use her strength and wealth in the cause of progress and freedom.

For America to withdraw into isolation would condemn all Europe to Russian Communist subjugation and our famous and beloved island to death and ruin. And yet, six months ago, a politician who has held office in a British Cabinet [i.e., Nye Bevan], and who one day aspires to become leader of the Labor Party, did not hesitate to tell the Americans to "go it alone." One cannot imagine any more fatal disaster than that this evil counselor should be taken at his word. There is already in the United States no little talk of a return to isolation, and the policy is described as "Fortress America." We may, however, be sure that all the strongest, wisest forces over there, irrespective of party, will not allow the great republic to be turned from the path of right and duty, and that they will disdain the taunts of impudence as effectively as they confront toil and danger.

RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION NO PROOF OF LOYALTY

HON. N. FAIRCHILD, professor of English at Hunter College, author of *Religious Trends in English Poetry*, writing in the *New Republic*:

THERE are religious as well as constitutional grounds for objecting to the increasingly popular habit of regarding religious conformity as a touchstone of loyalty to democratic institutions.

Probably we need not fear that failure to be "religious" will ever be accepted in this country as sufficient proof of a citizen's disloyalty. But I have met persons recently who use "atheist" and "Communist" as interchangeable terms. And although such mental defectives are exceptional, many sane people already regard the churchgoer as at least a better security risk than the non-churchgoer.

It is of the very essence of the "American way of life" that no man must believe in God, that no man had better go to church or else. Denial of this freedom may be implicit in the present trend of factitiously patriotic religiosity. The truly American objection to the state of religion behind the Iron Curtain is not that Christians are persecuted there, but that Communism does not grant men the right to choose freely between belief and unbelief. On that issue all loyal Americans, believers and unbelievers, may indigently unite; but they cannot do so without hypocrisy unless they maintain more jealously than ever their traditions of religious liberty and the separation of Church and State.

U.S. LABOR SHOCKED BY BRITISH SOCIALISTS

GEORGE MEANY, president of the American Federation of Labor, speaking before the 30th anniversary dinner of the left-wing, anti-Communist weekly, *New Leader*:

A DANGEROUS mistake [is] being made by some of our friends in Britain who shout from the housetops their faith in Socialism. Too many of them are somehow attracted to totalitarian Russia and Communist China because these regimes call themselves Socialist. Apparently, these people prefer what they admit to be the "socialism without democracy" in the Iron Curtain Empire to the "democracy without socialism" in the United States. [No] democratic government or organization can win over the Chinese people by lending respectability and prestige, by extending diplomatic recognition to and economic relations with those who control them through terror, brainwashing, concentration camps and firing squads.

Missions to Peiping and Moscow, regardless of the good intentions of the missionaries, spell, in the last resort, submission to Moscow. Unwillingly or unintentionally, these visitors become the missionaries of a false gospel. We of American labor simply refuse to believe that any responsible or realistic representative of the British working people or British democracy can entertain any illusion that Communist despotism, merely because it calls itself a proletarian dictatorship, is less totalitarian, less

brutal, and less warlike than Nazism, Fascism, or Falangism, and therefore should be treated differently and better. We are deeply shocked at the proposal to turn over Formosa and its millions of people to Communist slavery. Our shock is especially painful when we consider its source—a labor source.

MENDÈS-FRANCE'S REALISM HONEST BUT OPPORTUNIST

HERBERT LUEITH, Swiss-born French political analyst, writing in the *Jewish monthly*, *Commentary*:

UPON taking office in June, Mendès-France was hailed in France and abroad as the man who would lead France out of the slough of economic stagnation and social crisis and cure her of the political cancer of Communism—he would be a "French Roosevelt," bringing a "New Deal" and a new hope to his distraught country. For the present, the great reforms remain a myth, and there is a danger they will continue to remain a myth.

The truce in Indo-China, however salutary on other grounds, has not helped France's financial position in the slightest. America had already been bearing the full costs of the war. On the other hand, a sharp cut in military expenses at home is only possible if one has blind faith in "peaceful coexistence" and on the Kremlin's good will.

The question of "peaceful coexistence" is a decisive factor even for that internal stability. For a year the Communist trade-union leaders of the CGT have been carefully avoiding any social agitation, since that might split the united front between the Communists and the far right against the European Defense Community. Now that the immediate goal of this strange alliance has been achieved, Mendès-France's still-undefined foreign policies will determine whether he will continue to be "tolerated" by the Communists.

The brilliant successes of [Mendès-France's] improvised diplomacy are well known. France has returned to a policy of national *Realpolitik* on the prewar model, with opportunism its only principle and immediate national advantage its only aim. For those other European nations that have survived the last great attack at this sort of *Realpolitik* in the Hitler years, nothing remains except to follow France more or less unwillingly along this path. Perhaps anything is better than the continuation of a mendacious abnegation of responsibility. The "new style" of French diplomacy has the advantage of honesty. Europe has lost nothing but an idea, and it is normal for the daily grind of politics to get along without ideas. There is only one thing wrong with this: Russian policy, which is also certainly not lacking in realism, has never renounced its idea.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Show of Strength

On both sides of Europe the guns of cold war thundered more furiously last week than in many months. The target once again was Germany. But this time, the West held the initiative.

After a summer of doldrums and defeats—Geneva, Indo-China, the death of EDC—the democracies had suddenly rallied and rolled out some new and handsome diplomatic field-pieces: the all but completed Anglo-Egyptian settlement over Suez, the Anglo-Iranian oil agreement, the harmonious partition of Trieste and, above all, the potentially history-changing Act of London. With this quick parade of successes, the Atlantic alliance seemed to recover the ground, and the spirit, that were lost with EDC. Europe, with the potent help of the U.S., had produced a new plan to rearm the West Germans, and in it lay the promise of a truly closed anti-Communist front.

Vague Exceptions. The best measure of the West's advance was the way the Communists struck back before the ink was dry on the London agreement. Cunnily, the Kremlin sent Vyacheslav Molotov to Berlin with a newly tailored model of the old maneuver for Big Four talks on Germany. This time, said Molotov, Russia would be willing to discuss—though not necessarily to agree to—"free all-German elections." This held out to the Germans hope of unity, which all ardently desire, while offering the French a fresh excuse to delay still longer their agonizing decision over Germany. The So-

viet anti-London tactics did not stop with Molotov. In the United Nations, Andrei Vishinsky revived the debate (and with it the soul-searching) of atomic age disarmament simply by suggesting that Moscow might, with certain vague exceptions, be willing to come a little closer to the West's terms. Thus the Communists offered ammunition to Europe's neutralists and hope to the millions everywhere who knew too little to see the true objective of the Communist "coexistence offensive."

The Soviet tactics were so familiar and had been employed so often before that they stood no chance of disrupting the achievement of London. The real question was whether all London's participants were really interested in bringing the agreement to realization. "The politicians," cautioned Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, "will fish around in the soup looking for hairs, and will surely find some."

Split Hairs. The West Germans had long ago made up their minds: last year they repulsed the same Soviet offer of "unity" by overwhelmingly re-electing Konrad Adenauer. And last week they did it again when the Bundestag emphatically endorsed the London agreement.

If the week had ended there, the Western allies could have counted it one of the most salutary in a long time. But it did not. The French could not yet bring themselves to the moment of decision. In the National Assembly, French politicians not only sought out hairs in the London agreement, but avidly split them.

Was it to be the same long and fruitless story of EDC all over again? On the

surface it may have seemed so. But the London Conference, in producing a blueprint to replace EDC, had also produced a determination among France's allies to go ahead with the integration of West Germany whatever the decision in Paris.

Show of Doubt

Like a camel driver urging his beast to get up off its knees, French Premier Pierre Mendes-France cajoled and prodded the French National Assembly towards the decision it had balked at for years. Now both France's allies and France's enemies demanded that the issue of German rearmament be met, and Mendes promised that France would declare itself.

The agile young Premier's tenacity at the London Conference had won substantial concessions from the Germans and a history-making commitment from Britain. Paris headlines called the achievement a "decisive step" and "unmitigated success." But the politicians awaited their Premier's return with jeers and indifference. The prospect of making a decision, even *en principe*, threw the Assembly into a tizzy. Party lines unraveled like old hawesers. In the corridors of the Palais Bourbon, said one who was present, "there was so much grappling with souls that you could weigh them." But the tocsin summoned the Deputies, and, in a mood that one French newspaper called "obvious resignation and embarrassment," they assembled for the showdown.

A Glass of Milk. As the Premier strode to the rostrum, looking wan and harassed, barely two thirds of the Deputies were present. All Europe waited on their decision, yet there was little to be felt or seen of the profound sense of history that had reigned at the London Conference and shone in its decisions. A bored-looking, frock-coated usher placed the inevitable glass of milk at Mendes' right hand, and in a flat, disappointed voice, the Premier began to speak. Mendes was off form. His theme was essentially negative. Bidding for the support of EDC champions, he argued that enough of EDC's supranationality had been put into the Brussels Treaty Organization (BRUTO) to limit German arms without really limiting French arms. BRUTO, explained Mendes, would give France "the right of veto . . . on any increase in the armed forces of another participant, for example, Germany." Instead of using German rearmament as an "excuse for withdrawing their troops," the U.S., Britain and Canada as well had agreed to maintain their commitments on the Continent.

But Mendes' parliamentary strategy also required that he pick up votes from the Socialists (104 seats), whose left wing opposed EDC. To curry favor with them, he came ominously close to begging the very policy he was advocating. Mendes assured the Socialists that he would never have accepted the London agreement if there were any danger of its "straining



MENDÈS-FRANCE (BEFORE THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY)
For a concession winner, only jeers.

Paris Match

our relations" with the Soviet Union. Besides, he said, "you know, and the Soviet Union knows well, that time is needed, two or three years without doubt, for the London decisions to result in arms for Germany. It is not to be too optimistic to hope that during this period negotiations [with Russia] will have [ended] in disarmament." It was almost as if the Premier were inviting Frenchmen to use the London agreement as they had for four years used EDC, to delay Germany's sovereignty and rearmament while pretending to inch towards it. In effect, he was asking the Assembly to approve German rearmament in theory, while suggesting *sotto voce* that the new German army might never become a reality.

Soul of a Soldier. But even this devilish approach failed to swing the Assembly. From two directions at once, the opposition hit at Mendes and the London plan. On one side were Communists and Pacifists—mostly among the Socialists—who oppose all German rearmament, on the other, the "Europeans"—mainly of the Catholic M.R.P. As champions of EDC, the Europeans could not forgive the Premier who had presided, Pilate-like, over the death of EDC and who now pleaded for their support for a new European alliance, shorn of most of the safeguards that had distinguished EDC.

The Europeans, in perhaps understandable antagonism, let a crafty old nationalist carry their side into the fight. Ex-Premier Paul Reynaud scoffed at "the Eden miracle," warned of the "rebirth of the *Wefarmacht*" and sarcastically asked: "Will there be a German general staff which will train men *à la prussienne* and force in them the soul of a German soldier?" Even old Robert Schuman, who probably sacrificed his political future by his long fight for EDC, assumed a slight tinge of nationalism. "There is the risk," said he of the London plan, "that Germany will one day withdraw from this fragile syndicate."

Assembly on the Spot. All day and all night the grappling went on. Mendes took a nap on the cot in his office, then, tugging at his rumpled suit, returned to the floor to fight his way out of an old beartrap of French politics—the "war of resolutions." By attaching crippling resolutions to a government motion, the Assembly often evades a decision or makes futile a government proposition. Mendes found himself fighting more than a dozen of them. As a favor to the Europeans, he agreed to one that expressed a "desire to continue with the construction of Europe." But he flatly turned down all others because they sought guarantees that he could not obtain or proposed reopening negotiations with the eight other London powers. Said Mendes: "I refuse to have my hands tied." Of the EDC crowd a Mendes supporter said: "These ghouls. They want to sneak into the graveyard and dig up EDC."

Mendes had hoped to win tentative Assembly approval without staking his premiership on the outcome, but the Assembly did not let him. Shortly before



ADENAUER (BEFORE BUNDESTAG)
For a triumphant traveler, no cheers.

1 a.m. on the second day of debate, the Premier, his voice thick with disgust, announced: "I must pose the question of confidence." That meant that the vote would be delayed until this week and if the Mendes government is beaten, the Cabinet would have to resign.

Mendes-France was one Frenchman, at least, who seemed to realize that France's time for putting off things was near an end. "German rearmament has already been decided upon," he warned. "The only question is whether it will be with us or in spite of us."

Show of Hands

West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer went to London the leader of an occupied country. He returned last week proudly bearing pledges of restored sovereignty for his people and equality for his country in the company of free nations. But the triumphant traveler came home to no public jubilation, no dancing in the streets, no volleys of cheers.

The Germans were saving their cheers for the time when the French showed that they were willing to stand by the new and more liberal pledges of the London Conference.

Undaunted by the reserve of his countrymen, Old Chancellor Adenauer made an optimistic report to his Bundestag: "The crisis of the Western community has, we hope, been happily overcome." He bade it give its approval to the London agreement.

In brooding purposefulness, the poorly led Social Democrats then parceled out their ammunition and unsling their weapons to fight Adenauer over the London agreement just as they had so long fought him over EDC—because, they insisted, West Germany's rearmament in the camp

of the West would kill the last hope of German unification. Just before the Socialists' offensive jumped off, Russia's Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov dropped down on East Berlin's airport and produced from his briefcase a diplomatic time bomb designed to derail the London agreement.

Forward Not a Foot. The Soviet Union, he announced, wants a new four-power conference on German reunification and is even "willing to discuss" the West's proposals for free elections. The death of EDC, explained Molotov suavely, had created "new possibilities of reconciliation." But if West Germany went ahead with rearmament, he warned, "the restoration of German unity would become impossible." The new Soviet gesture was itself evidence of how much Molotov feared the strength that West Germany would add to the West's alliance. But the Social Democrats, as Molotov had doubtless intended, happily snatched up his bomb and hurled it at Adenauer.

Molotov's offer showed a "real change" in Russian policy, cried inept, porky Socialist Leader Erich Ollenhauer. The London agreement was better than EDC, he conceded, because the British were brought in and the Germans have control of their army. But "we Social Democrats believe that the federal republic should not accept any new obligations in connection with Western defense before new serious attempts are made by negotiations with the Soviet Union to solve the question of German reunification on the basis of free elections . . ." Replied Adenauer: "The four powers had met five times since 1947 . . . and have brought us forward not a foot."

The Socialists' No. 2 man, respected

Professor Carlo Schmid, argued that Germany must not take sides in the cold war but should help to end it. "Germany can maintain normal, neighborly relations on all sides. It can keep the blocs further apart . . ." Schmid insisted. "Germany must be so strong as to tip the scales in favor of an alliance partner." Snapped Konrad Adenauer: "Let's not overestimate ourselves."

"Freedom of Alliances." After six hours of debate, crusty Konrad Adenauer staged his counterattack. "We have final-

ly ended occupation," he cried. All but the Socialists roared approval. "Fifty million brave, industrious, diligent people are now returned to freedom." He quoted earlier Ollenhauer speeches in which the Socialist leader endorsed German participation in Western European defense. "Propaganda!" yelled a Socialist. *Der Alte* looked at the Deputy in mock amazement. "Who, me? Why, I'm just reading from an Ollenhauer speech," he said in a tone of injured innocence. The House laughed.

After eleven hours of debate, carried to the public by radio and TV, the Bundestag was ready to declare itself. It was not even necessary to count the votes: by a decisive show of hands, the Bundestag proved its confidence in Chancellor Adenauer's policy.

UNITED NATIONS

Higher Loyalty

The U.N., many of whose U.S. staff members have been investigated as to their loyalty in recent years, last week announced a loyalty program of its own. Any employee who finds it hard to place allegiance to the U.N. above loyalty to his own government should quit, said a nine-man board. Unqualified loyalty to the U.N., the board explained, "may be made easier by the understanding that, from the long-range point of view, legitimate national interests can only be served by the promotion of world peace and prosperity and the successful progress of the international organizations toward these objectives."

"The Great I Am"

On the very day that Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov flung out his fresh proposal for Big Four talks on Germany, a slender, gaunt man with aimless hair and blazing eyes rose in the United Nations General Assembly. The real solution to the German problem, he declared, lies in "direct talks . . . for unification of Germany . . . A German peace is necessary for world peace, and a German peace means the unification of Germany in whatever way it is brought about." The Soviet-run government of East Germany, he said, is as free and sovereign as that of West Germany.

The speech dovetailed perfectly, in timing and content, with Moscow's campaign to disrupt the London agreements. But the speaker was not a delegate of the Soviet Union or one of its Communist satellites. He was V. K. Krishna Menon of India, trusted adviser to Premier Nehru and traveling apostle of Nehru's anti-Western "neutrality."

Brilliant & Bitter. Vengalil Krishnan Krishna Menon, 57, is an Indian who has lived more than half his life as an Englishman; a Western-trained intellectual who distrusts and hates the West; a passionate foe of old-style imperialism whose histrionic talents and glib tongue more often than not give aid to the new imperialism of Communism. He ostentatiously preaches humility and tolerance, but some of his colleagues call him "The Great I Am," and secretaries dissolve in tears when he flies into a thunderous rage and calls them insulting names. A brilliant, bitter, unsatisfied man, he wears expensive Savile Row suits and carries a cane, but his living habits are austere—no tobacco, no alcohol, no meat—and he sometimes seems to get along only on massive doses of phenobarbital, arrogance and black tea. "When Menon enters a room," an associate once said, "tension enters too."

THE NEXT WEHRMACHT

THE directory of the West German government lists no Defense Ministry. But for four years, the equivalent of a small Defense Ministry has been working in Bonn, hidden discreetly behind the dirty red brick walls of an obscure building and an even obscurer and Teutonicly confusing name: Office of the Federal Chancellor's Appointee for Questions Arising Out of the Increase in Allied Troops. For short, it is called Bureau Blank, after its boss, a deliberate, round-faced ex-union official named Theodor Blank.

Under Civilian Blank, a group of former German generals and colonels have carefully worked out plans, strategy, even some of the tactics for the German armed forces, which, Western Parliaments willing, West Germany will contribute to the Atlantic alliance. Details of Bureau Blank's blueprint:

Size: 500,000 men, 400,000 in the army, 80,000 in the air force, 20,000 in a "coastal defense" navy. There will be about 20,000 commissioned officers; only 2,000 in the air force will be pilots.

Composition: An army of twelve divisions—four armored, each with 1,200 tanks; two mechanized divisions with almost as many tanks but more mobile artillery; six motorized infantry divisions, each with 60 to 80 tanks. Peacetime division strength will be about 13,000; behind the divisions will be some 180,000 men in army, corps and service organizations. (The U.S. has 17 divisions, only three of them armored.) An air force of about 1,500 tactical planes in 20 wings, half of them fighter bombers, half mainly interceptors. No long-range bombers. A navy limited to 180 ships, all under 3,000 tons.

Strategic Conception: Emphasis on compact, hard-hitting mobility; well-balanced for defense but, in the German tradition, built for offense. Each armored division will have twice as many tanks as the German Panzer division of World War II, and immensely more firepower. Set up to operate efficiently as a single force, yet scatter quickly into small units and thus present a poor target for atomic attack.

Arms: The U.S. has already stockpiled, mostly in the U.S., the bulk of Germany's first needs, \$500 million worth of guns, ammunition, tanks and planes. By 1956, Germans hope to be making their own light arms, by 1959 their own tanks and jet fighters (under the London agreement, they can-

not make atomic weapons, big bombers, guided missiles, bacteriological and chemical weapons). The Bonn government is budgeting \$2.7 billion for the first year of rearmament.

Manpower: Some 150,000 men, mostly World War II veterans who have already volunteered, will be sifted to provide training cadres. Soldiers will also be conscripted by local draft boards—an innovation for Germany—and serve for 18 months.

Discipline: Troops will wear olive drab, U.S.-style uniforms, with Eisenhower jackets, helmets similar to the U.S.'s, and pants tucked into laced boots. No more goose-step. Salutes only for generals, and for the commanding officer and top sergeant on day's first encounter. Off duty, civilian clothes allowed. "This will be a citizen's army," promises World War II Draftee Blank.

Command: President of the West German Republic (currently 70-year-old Theodor Heuss) will presumably be commander-in-chief, delegating authority to a civilian-defense minister (probably Blank). Number of generals: 35 to 40 (there were 1,400 in 1945). If and when German forces come under NATO, British Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery will supervise their training. In the field they will serve under NATO's Supreme Commander in Europe, General Alfred M. Gruenther of the U.S., and his European ground-forces commander, Marshal Alphonse Juin of France.

Timetable: If the go-ahead comes soon, the first West German soldiers can be in uniform by next spring.



Publifoto

CELEBRATING CITIZENS OF TRIESTE
Old flags and talk of a new era.

Menon, son of a lawyer, was born on India's Malabar Coast in 1897. At 27, he went to London and studied political science (under Socialist Harold Laski) and law. Intending to stay six months, he stayed for 30 years, became active in the British Labor Party, once was even elected a London councilman. But years later, when Britain went to war against Nazi Germany, Menon joined the Communists in damning both sides (though he marched in anti-Nazi demonstrations). Once he was asked whether the Indian people would prefer British or Nazi rule. "You might as well ask a fish if it prefers to be fried in butter or margarine," he replied.

While editing books and writing articles on Indian freedom, Menon met Nehru in London and became his unofficial literary and political agent. In 1947, on taking power, a grateful Nehru named Menon to be India's first high commissioner in London, though the expatriate was so little known among his people that his name did not even appear in India's *Who's Who*.

In 1952 Nehru made Menon deputy chief of India's delegation to the United Nations, where he collided head-on with Nehru's sister, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit (who later became General Assembly president), refused even to show her his reports to New Delhi. The feud did not jar Menon from his position next to Nehru's ear; indeed, his influence grew stronger, and today, whether Menon is in New Delhi on one of his flying visits or far away at the end of a cable line, Nehru avidly listens to, and almost always acts on, Krishna Menon's advice. The substance of that advice: the West is not to be trusted, and its works should be opposed; the Communists, particularly the Chinese Communists, can be trusted, and India can do business with them.

No Idea. Menon has never been at home in his own country. (Last year after Nehru maneuvered Menon's election to India's upper chamber, a councillor made a speech in Malayalam, the language of

Menon's birthplace, then courteously suggested that Menon translate it into English. V. K. refused because he had forgotten his native language.) But his influence with Nehru is so great that Nehru was reported trying to make Menon his Foreign Minister. This was blocked, temporarily at least, by three Cabinet ministers, who threatened to quit.

Even Krishna Menon seemed a little taken aback last week at the way his German unification speech echoed the words and desires of the Russians. He hastily summoned some reporters and told them in injured tones: "I had no idea of the [Molotov] speech in Berlin when I spoke." Then, darting up into the Nehruian clouds, Menon added: "Our suggestion was unrelated to anything that might be happening at the time."



International

INDIA'S KRISHNA MENON
Phenobarbital, arrogance and black tea.

TRIESTE

Peace Comes to the Adriatic

Excitement pulsed through the city of Trieste as men, women and children streamed into the Piazza dell' Unità. By 2 in the afternoon, more than 15,000 had packed into the square, beneath two giant, freshly painted red pylons built to fly huge flags of Italy and the city. Sidewalk vendors did a brisk business in tiny flags and miniature hats of the *Bersaglieri*, the Italian elite troops who were the first to occupy Trieste after Austria's defeat in 1918. At three minutes after 2, a voice boomed from the city hall balcony the news the crowd had gathered to hear: in London representatives of Italy and Yugoslavia had signed the agreement (TIME, Oct. 11) giving Zone B of the Free Territory of Trieste to Yugoslavia and Zone A—with the city itself—to Italy. "Triestini," cried the voice from the balcony, "now wave your flags!"

Triestini had long been pictured as fearful of the economic losses that would follow the withdrawal of U.S. and British forces. But the worry was not in evidence in the Piazza dell' Unità. The crowd erupted in a fervor of patriotism. Some oldsters broke down in tears. Youths began chanting, "Italia! Italia!" and voices were raised in the refrain of *Brothers of Italy and Hymn of the Alps*.

After Ten Years. In Rome, the signing produced no jubilation, but satisfaction. Premier Mario Scelba took his Cabinet to the great, glittering ceremonial hall of the Quirinale, where in times past Italy's Kings and Roman Popes held audience, and there formally announced to President Luigi Einaudi that the agreement had been signed. The President then presented an Italian flag to a bevy of city officials from Trieste.

Before the Senate, Scelba made no pretense that Italians had got all they wanted. "I would fail in my duty," he said, "if I did not frankly confess that these

frontier adjustments grieve us deeply." But he added triumphantly: "After ten years the flag of the fatherland will again fly over the town hall and the Church of San Guisto di Trieste." At that, the whole Senate rose to its feet, the center and right cheering, only the Communists silent. (They could not afford to oppose the universal Italian yearning to have Trieste, but neither could they stand up for Italy's claim without violating the Communist line that Trieste should remain a Free Territory with Russia having a voice in its future.) No legislative approval was required, but the Senate gave the compromise its ceremonial approval by an emphatic 129 votes to 89.

Good Fruit. In Belgrade, where Yugoslav Communists had once trumpeted, "We give our life, but never Trieste!" Marshal Tito reacted with equal grace and calm. "The settlement of the Trieste question," said Tito's Acting Foreign Secretary Ales Bebler, "should be the springboard toward [a] new era in relations." Tito himself spoke warmly of the negotiations that had produced the settlement, paying particular tribute to President Eisenhower for the personal letter which persuaded Tito to give ground and thereby make the settlement possible. The Yugoslav leader added: "With this understanding we are prepared to accept with the greatest pleasure every suggestion for cooperation and collaboration between Italy and Yugoslavia. This agreement ought to bear good fruit."

FRANCE

Rot at the Heart

The discovery that France's vital military secrets had been systematically betrayed to the Communists was dismay enough. But Frenchmen had even more reason to be shocked last week as the unfolding story of *l'affaire Dides* laid bare a picture of political decay that made politicians ready to risk their country's safety and their compatriots' lives over pride of office and reach for power.

A week of clashes, innuendoes, accusations and denials revealed the spectacle of Cabinet members conniving against successors, of police chiefs withholding information from their superiors because of political differences, of high defense officials deliberately leaking military secrets to the government's political opponents to contrive its fall.

Day after day, French officials and party leaders trooped to the gloomy Reuilly barracks to testify in the espionage investigation that began last month with the arrest of a Red-hunting cop named Jean Dides. The witnesses ranged from ex-Premiers Paul Reynaud and Georges Bidault to dumpy ex-Pastry Cook Jacques Duclos, France's No. 2 Communist, who long has been running the party in the absence of ailing Maurice Thorez. In prison, nimble, wire-haired André Baranès (*TIME*, Oct. 11) methodically set to work fuzzing up his story of how he delivered records of France's most secret Defense

Committee meetings to the Communists. His original story had been that he got them from Roger Labrusse, a Defense Committee official. Labrusse in turn had got them from René Turpin, personal secretary to Jean Mons, head of the Defense Committee's permanent secretariat. "I did not pay them a franc," boasted Baranès. "They acted out of ideological sympathy for Communism."

"He Laughed." But then Baranès changed his story, not once but repeatedly. He claimed, in succession: 1) that he was "100% Communist and party spy," 2) that he was "a patriotic Frenchman who deserves a Legion of Honor for uprooting a Red espionage net," 3) that he was a Communist, but an "anti-Moscow" Red devoted to the welfare of France. He said that he had delivered his records to



COMMUNIST BOSS DUCLOS
But a growl for a dirty dog.

Duclos. He then said that he had not delivered them to Duclos but to two other fellows. He later said that he had delivered them to Duclos but Duclos had refused them. "He laughed in my face. He said the party knew everything I was offering," explained Baranès. Then who gave Duclos his information? the police asked. "Very important people," said Baranès, "but it's up to you to track them down."

When confronted with Baranès' stories, portly Communist Boss Duclos denied he had ever met him. "All I can tell you is that André Baranès is a dirty dog," he growled to reporters. Then, to add to the confusion, Turpin and Labrusse renounced their confessions. "I never gave Baranès any documents," said Labrusse. He said he had only "chatted" with Baranès as he would with any newspaperman. Turpin said he had only been "imprudent," but he had hoped his "imprudences" would reach Laniel opponents, who were trying to stop the Indo-Chinese war—someone, for example, like Mendès-France.

But as the foreground of the story whirled with contradictions, the background became clearer. Obviously, there was something very peculiar about the activities of ex-Chief Police Inspector Jean Dides. He had known about Baranès' access to defense secrets since May, even paid him \$570 a month to stay in the Communist network. But, apparently, Dides was content to go on "watching" as the ring delivered crucial defense decisions and information of France's plight in Indo-China without lifting a finger to stop it. Why? What was he waiting for?

Fingerprints. Out of the mixture of lies, facts and opinion, supporters of Mendès-France felt last week that they were arriving at a partial explanation. If they were right, the answer went to the heart of France's political sickness. Their theory: Dides, under the direction of disgruntled right-wingers of Mendès' own Radical Socialist Party, had deliberately used the defense leaks to try to discredit Mendès and bring the downfall of his Minister of the Interior, François Mitterrand.

For proof, the Mendès men pointed to evidence heavily marked with Radical Socialist fingerprints. It was no secret that Mendès incurred the personal enmity of some of the Radical Socialist old guard when he took the Interior Ministry, which they had long considered their own special bailiwick, away from Radical Socialist Léon Martinaud-Déplat and gave it to young, energetic François Mitterrand of the moderate, splinter-sized Democratic and Socialist Resistance Union. The bitterness was quickly evident. Though Martinaud-Déplat had learned of the first leak before Mendès took office, he neglected to tell his successor Mitterrand about it. Bitterness increased as Mitterrand began clearing out Martinaud-Déplat's protégés, fired Prefect of Police Jean Baylot and demoted Dides from his Red-hunting job. Then, say the theorists, the plotting began. Certainly, Dides scarcely acted like a disinterested cop. When he learned through Baranès of new leaks, Dides did not tell his boss Mitterrand; he took his information to an old right-wing Gaullist friend in the Cabinet. At the same time, allegedly at the urging of Martinaud-Déplat and Baylot, he planted reports with U.S. intelligence that Mitterrand was a pro-Communist security risk who was disinclined to crack down on Communist sympathizers. Dides also refused to tell Mitterrand or anyone else how the spying was done. The plan, insist Mendès' friends, was to expose the leaks during the London Conference, discrediting Mitterrand and perhaps even toppling Mendès himself.

When Dides was suspended, he gave the theory a kind of backhanded support. "Certain elements of the government think I don't agree with their policies," he said. "That is why they suspended me."

If that was the plan, it had misfired. The discovery that the first leak had occurred during Laniel's government diverted the onus from Mendès personally, and



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the arrest of Turpin and Labrusse scotched the innuendoes that Mitterrand was willing to be over-tolerant to Communist infiltration of the government.

But the rot exposed by *l'affaire Dides* could not be cleaned out simply by arrests and crackdowns. It would take a national change of heart.

INDO-CHINA

The Fall of Hanoi

In a pathetic little ceremony inside Hanoi one evening last week, the French Tricolor was hauled down and handed to a silently weeping colonel. Next day, in well-ordered triumph the first of 30,000 helmeted, green-clad troops of the Communist Viet Minh rolled into the city in Russian Molotov trucks, Russian command cars and jeeps, on bicycles and afoot. Thus Indo-China's ancient capital (pop. 400,000) passed into Communist hands, in starkly simple faithfulness to the Geneva agreement which turned half of Indo-China over to Red rule.

The week of the changeover began with rumors that there would be riots, drastic restrictions and Red reprisals. But when the moment came, Hanoi, the city where the war began nearly eight years before, met it with Oriental reserve. Those who could had already fled, in a melancholy, six-weeks-long exodus which drained off some 40,000, a tenth of Hanoi's population, to havens to the south. When the first of the Viet Minh headed into the city, street crowds uttered only occasional, hesitant cheers. As the trickle grew into a rumbling stream of troops, the Vietnamese poured out from boarded and shuttered houses to shrill greetings. Out came banners

proclaiming: "Long Live Sino-Russian Friendship!" From housetops red, gold-starred flags of the "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam" broke into view. A Hanoi newspaper, hitherto ardently pro-West, front-paged a huge portrait of Viet Minh Chief Hanoi Ho Chi Minh.

Lost Truckloads. As Communist military police with gold stars on their helmets mounted guard in the city, the last truckloads of Foreign Legionnaires clattered across the mile-long Doumer Bridge over the flood-swollen Red River to join the rest of the French Viet Nam garrison 60 miles southeast at the port of Haiphong. There the French may stay till May, when under the Geneva agreements they must withdraw further south, below the Geneva dividing line at the 17th parallel, and leave all of north Viet Nam's rich rice bowl to the Reds.

For the French, who have bossed Hanoi and its rich hinterlands for nearly 80 years, it was a melancholy occasion to be faced with at best bleak resignation. By the time the last French soldiers withdrew, nearly every useful piece of military equipment had been dismantled and carried off. The first Viet Minh officials to arrive protested that their hospital billets had been stripped bare; the French sent back a few light bulbs, but that was all. "The French are good at retreating," said a grimly admiring allied officer.

First Visitor. All but a handful of Hanoi's 6,000 French merchants pulled out rather than try to do business with the Communists (see BUSINESS). Signs on shutters read: "Closed indefinitely" or "Store for Rent." Boards covered windows of the once-gay cafés fronting on the picturesque little lake in the city center,

at whose tables generations of Foreign Legionnaires had drunk and sung and bragged. A few French technicians stayed behind to show the Reds how to run the utilities, and a score or so of European priests and sisters remained. The lycée, which counts Vo Nguyen Giap, the wily Viet Minh army chief, as one of its honor grads, also decided to keep school. For the U.S., Consul Thomas J. Corcoran stayed on with a staff of six.

The businesslike Reds moved right into Hanoi's government offices as if they always had occupied them. Slight, youthful-looking General Giap prepared to take over at the Citadelle, where French generals had given orders since the days of Gambetta and MacMahon and where, nine years ago, they had gallantly held out against the Japanese.

Missing from the scene of triumph was Ho Chi Minh, who has scarcely been seen by Western eyes since 1947. "He is working on an important task elsewhere," explained a newspaper, and from "elsewhere" a decree was issued over the 63-year-old Red leader's name proclaiming Hanoi the capital of Communist Indo-China. President Ho, the Communists indicated, will make his entry next week in time to receive India's Prime Minister Nehru when he stops off on his way to see Communist China's rulers in Peking.

NORWAY

No Prize

In Oslo last week, the Nobel Prize Committee announced that it had decided not to award a peace prize this year. It was the third time since World War II that it had withheld the award.



VIETNAMESE REFUGEES HEADING SOUTH
Behind them, 30,000 businesslike troops in green.

The New York Times

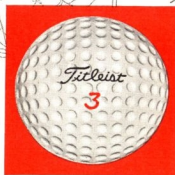
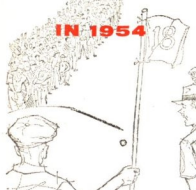
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EAST GERMANY

Red Hilde's Law

In all the lands where the hammer and sickle seek to blot out the cross, a pitiless struggle goes on to render unto the Red Caesars the things that are God's. Last week the spiritual combat zone was East Germany, where Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen joined in protesting a Soviet-style "family law." Due for enactment by the East zone legislature, the law mirrors the macabre woman who fashioned it, Hilde Benjamin, 52, known as "Red Hilde," "Hanging Hilde," and "the Red Guillotine."

Citations from Luther. A trim, apple-cheeked young law student at Heidelberg 30 years ago, Red Hilde was first stained with the party dye when she met and married a fanatical Communist who was later killed by the Nazis. Red Hilde became a brandy-swilling, chain-smoking harpy and Germany's most dedicated fighter against family and religion. Appointed vice president of the Soviet zone Supreme Court, she presided over political-show trials. In three months of 1952 alone, she handed down two death sentences, eight terms of life imprisonment and 109 years at hard labor. In court she shrilly interrupted defense counsel with cries of "go on, go on, we have no time for your silly excuses."

Hilde's latest task is to "liberate" the housewives of Soviet-occupied Germany from kitchens, children and church. Red Hilde's family law proclaims the equality of men and women, says that children are to be trained according to their talents, encourages divorce if a marriage "has lost its value . . . to society." Recent East-zone court rulings indicate the realities behind such a high-sounding sham. If the state needs miners, a group of youngsters alleged to have mining "talent" are rounded up and packed off to Communist training camps. Parents who protest are charged with "sabotage." Mothers whose "equality" between pregnancies consists of a heavy crop-harvesting quota are deprived of their children if they fail to meet the norms. A man who is a Communist can divorce his non-Communist wife on the ground that he cannot do his job properly.

The new "family law" is cynically wrapped in a pseudoreligious covering, citing the Fourth Commandment and Martin Luther's explanation of it ("We should fear and love God that we may not despise our parents or masters or provoke them to anger . . .").

Reminders of Hitler. West German clerics have roundly condemned the new rulings. Said a spokesman for the Evangelical Church in Germany: "We are reminded of events in Hitler days, when families were torn apart because children were used as instruments against their own parents." *Petrusblatt*, official organ of Berlin's Roman Catholic diocese, hotly condemned the new code as "contrary to Christian belief . . . 'Equality' in the East zone doesn't respect woman as a human being but only as a working ma-

chine." Last week, at the risk of bringing Red reprisals down on their heads, East German Roman Catholic bishops sent a letter of protest to the East German puppet government. But Red Hilde says that "a judge must never follow his objective opinion, but must reach his verdict by calling on his political party." She was scarcely likely to read or heed protests.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Heir

Never had Anthony Eden seemed more quietly confident or the Tory faithful more pleased with him. In Blackpool's Empress ballroom, 4,100 delegates to the annual Tory Party conference gave him a two-minute ovation and burst into *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. Even dapper Julian Amery, who last year led the die-hard imperialists in an attack on Eden's



ANTHONY EDEN (AT BLACKPOOL)
Succession is a private affair.

decision to evacuate Suez, had only praise for Eden's achievements at the London Conference: "Far from renouncing our imperial mission, this gives us the chance to lead the world once more."

But despite the cheers there was an underlying tension. Nearly all those assembled at Blackpool and, according to a new Gallup poll, nearly half of all Tory voters, feel that Winston Churchill should retire. In the months before the conference, Sir Winston twice set a date for retirement, twice put it off. Two weeks ago, he suggested that Eden should leave the Foreign Office and become Deputy Prime Minister, where he could acquaint himself with domestic problems. As an inducement, he even offered Eden the use of Chequers, the Prime Minister's country



Photograph by G. Blake Johnson

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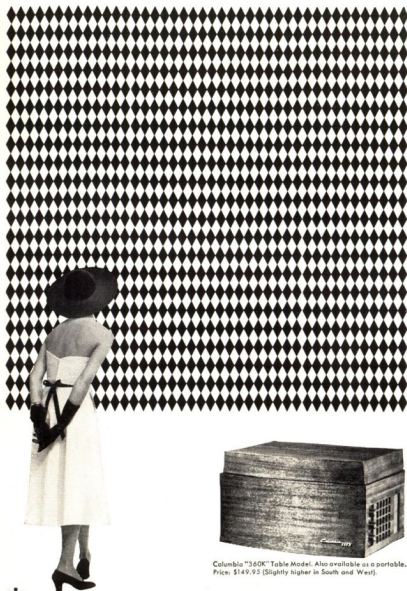


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residence (which Churchill has never liked as much as his own home, Chartwell). Eden resisted, feeling that as Deputy P.M. he would have much of the dirty work, little glory and no real power.

But when Sir Winston lumbered on the stage on Blackpool's closing day, the delegates gave the grand old man an ovation which brought happy tears to his eyes. Eden warmly introduced him: "Throughout the world, you are today acknowledged as the greatest man upon this earth."

The amazing old man of 79 spoke slowly, and his lisp was more pronounced. But the wit was as nimble as ever, and the rotund prose as incomparable. In a sly reference to his reputation as a brandy drinker, he called for a glass of water and downed it, remarking with a twinkle: "I only do it to show you that I can." Churchill hailed Eden's achievement at London as "a monument and a milestone in our march toward peaceful coexistence," paid generous tribute to the U.S. (see JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES), spoke again, wistfully, of his dream of coexistence with a kindlier Russia.

Last of all, Sir Winston spoke of his long friendship with Anthony Eden. "Thank God he has completely recovered," he said, and the audience roared agreement. He went on: "We have worked together in and out of office for 16 or 17 years. It is astonishing how we are agreed on so many great problems. There is quite enough for both of us to do at the present time, and we shall settle our affairs between ourselves, governed only by what seems best for the public good and in the interests of our party."

In other words, Churchill was not retiring just yet, still intended to hold on for a while, and Eden, stronger politically and physically than he had been for a long time, would just have to be patient. Tories had made clear that they would be proud and willing to have Eden as their leader and Prime Minister whenever Sir Winston was ready.

Fit for a Prince?

Every Thursday afternoon, protocol permitting, a six-year-old American boy named Stephen Rutter will be excused from his private school on London's fashionable Eaton Square long enough to go to Buckingham Palace and obey, by approximation, an admonition of the late Mayor Big Bill Thompson of Chicago, to wit: "Punch King George in the snoot." The target will be George V's great grandson, Prince Charles, heir to the throne of Britain. Stephen, the son of a second secretary of the U.S. embassy, was picked last week to be a sparring partner for five-year-old Prince Charles.

The Prince's father, the Duke of Edinburgh, who used to have a pretty good left hook himself, decided that his son should learn the manly art at an early age. Stephen was chosen to be a sparring partner by his school boxing instructor who was appointed to teach Prince Charles. Stephen, a 45-pounder who is boxing champion of his age group at school, is five pounds heavier than his opponent.



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London "Bobby" points out Westminster Abbey and the statue of Abraham Lincoln to American tourists.



THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Doing Business with Perón

President Juan Perón has had more nibbles than bites since he began fishing for U.S. private-investment capital 14 months ago. Last week he landed his first catch: U.S. Industrialist Henry Kaiser, who signed a contract to manufacture cars and trucks in Argentina. Said Kaiser: "In all my life, I have never met anybody as effectively dedicated to the promotion of an automobile deal as General Perón."

Under the terms of the deal, Kaiser and the state-owned IAME (Aeronautical & Mechanical Industries Corp.) manufacturing trust will hold 51% of the stock in a new automobile plant to be built and operated by Kaiser. The rest of the stock will be sold to private investors in Argentina. Kaiser will put up some \$10 million, mostly in automaking equipment, and IAME will put up \$5,700,000. Planned yearly production (by 1957): 40,000 vehicles—passenger cars, station wagons, jeeps and light trucks. Argentina has been car-hungry since 1947, when restrictions to save dollar exchange cut imports of U.S. cars to a trickle. With customers eager and competition largely fenced out, Kaiser hopes to accomplish in Argentina what he has failed to do in the U.S.: make money out of automaking.

Another U.S. businessman interested in making a deal with Perón & Co. is Financier Floyd Odlum (Atlas Corp.). After first seeking an oil concession in central Argentina, Odlum offered an elaborate oil-uranium investment package. Perón himself seemed willing to do business, but nationalist politicians and army officers around him objected strenuously to letting a *Yanqui* get his hands on Argentine natural resources. Last week, having given the Argentines 30 days to make up their minds, Odlum was back in the U.S. waiting for a yes or (more likely) a no.

BRAZIL

A Legacy Rejected?

On the eve of last week's nationwide elections in Brazil, left-wing politicians hopefully predicted that the late President Getúlio Vargas' bitter, demagogic suicide letter (TIME, Sept. 6) would bring them a clear-cut victory. But as the returns mounted up, it seemed likely that the No. 1 victor would be a man who was not even a candidate: Vargas' successor, Moderate Conservative President João Café Filho, who stood aloof from the pre-election politicking even though the health of his administration was clearly at stake.

Kaifé Filho must have a right-and-center majority in Congress to carry out his middle-of-the-road reform program for the remaining 15 months of his term. At week's end, it appeared that—despite Getúlio Vargas' emotional farewell ("To the

wrath of my enemies I leave the legacy of my death")—the voters had given Café Filho what he needed.

The first sign that the people of Brazil were not especially wrought up by Vargas' dramatic exit was the small turnout. Even in Rio, where talking politics is a year-round pastime, only two-thirds of the registered voters cast ballots, and after the polls closed unused ballots littered the streets. In some cities the turnout ran as low as 40%.

Under Brazil's archaic voting system, each ballot is sealed in a separate envelope at the polling place; tellers at the central counting stations must verify each

the Vargas-created Labor Party, João Goulart, was a poor third in his Senate race; the Labor Party candidate for governor was running second. And in the state of Pernambuco, Vargas' former Agriculture Minister, João Cleofas, was trailing for the governorship.

GUATEMALA

Cops in Asylum

As Communism in Guatemala grew strong and tough, it inevitably produced a couple of police chiefs who could have come right out of an Arthur Koestler novel. To Colonels Rogelio Cruz Wer and



UNUSED BALLOTS IN A RIO STREET
The left missed a clean sweep.

O Mundo Ilustrado

envelope, open it by hand, and record the choices. There was a lot of recording to do: up for election were all 327 House of Deputies seats, two-thirds of the 60 Senate seats, eleven out of 20 state governorships, and many lesser offices. In Rio's Maracanã Stadium last week, 60 groups of election clerks counted away amid milling onlookers, nervous candidates, Coca-Cola vendors and party observers keeping a partisan eye on the counting. Now and then election officials brought in new canvas sacks full of ballots from guarded, iron-barred storerooms.

Understandably, counting was slow. At week's end, many candidates were still not sure whether they had won or lost. But the tallying was far enough along to show that Vargas' vengeful legacy had failed to kindle a political bonfire. In Rio, Vargas' son Lutherio won a House of Deputies seat; but so did *Tribuna da Imprensa* Editor Carlos Lacerda, the late President's fiercest newspaper critic. In Vargas' home state of Rio Grande do Sul, at week's end, the hand-picked president of

Jaime Rosenberg fell the duty of directing the final, senseless reign of terror when the anti-Communist revolution last June was toppling his boss, President Jacobo Arbenz. Upon Arbenz' fall, Cruz Wer and Rosenberg escaped in a station wagon to Mexico, first of the regime's big shots to run for safety.

Last week in Mexico City, plainclothesmen in a black Buick glided up to Jaime Rosenberg as he walked along a street, and arrested him. Without success, they also sought Cruz Wer. Both were to be held for hearings to decide whether they should be extradited for trial in Guatemala, where the Supreme Military Tribunal has gathered more than 1,000 pages of testimony charging that Cruz Wer and Rosenberg were "archgenocides who cruelly ordered the massacres of innocent citizens."

Rosenberg, whose face twitches and whose hair has suddenly turned white in patches, although he is only 37, whined his innocence: "Whatever I did in Guatemala was done under the orders of the

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legally constituted regime." He did have cause for concern: the Mexican Foreign Office said at week's end that it did not consider him to be the usual political exile, immune to extradition. The same may go for Cruz Wer. But informed Mexicans and Guatemalans believe that Arbenz will qualify as "political" and get permanent asylum.

Don't count the Guatemalan Reds out yet, warned Ambassador John E. Peurifoy, U.S. envoy to Guatemala during Arbenz' last months and a negotiator of the post-revolution truce. "They ran like a bunch of rats," Peurifoy said, testifying in Washington last week before the House Subcommittee on Communist Aggression in Latin America, but that only scattered them to various Latin American countries where they "represent a great danger, and I hope those governments are alert to the situation."

HAITI

Free Ride

*Stupid he who gives,
Imbecile he who does not take.*

—Haitian proverb

Market women, hiking down out of the mountains with produce for Port-au-Prince one day last week, reached the way stop of Pétionville to find a situation of astonishing, rapturous stupidity. There stood trucks, orange military buses and trim government Jeeps, doors invitingly open, all offering free rides to the capital. No imbeciles, the women lowered from their heads baskets of pineapples and beans, loaded the stuff aboard the vehicles and climbed in, some for the first auto ride of their lives.

Free transportation for the populace was the answer of President Paul Magloire to an impromptu strike by the drivers of the share-the-ride station wagons, used in Haiti as buses and taxis combined. The drivers were protesting against a government measure that seemed to thrust at their very livelihood: a steep boost in the police fines they regularly expect and richly deserve. Few had bothered actually to read the new scale of fines, but according to the *telejöl*, Haiti's famed word-of-mouth communications network, merely sassing a cop could cost \$24 instead of the traditional \$1. Worse, they heard that a \$40 bond was to be required of all drivers. Set against the standard fare of 10¢, the new operating costs were plainly prohibitive.

The *telejöl*, however, proved wrong. To bring some discipline to the country's highways, the government had indeed raised maximum fines, but only to \$15, and no bond was demanded. After that was made clear—and after President Magloire urged judges to go easy on fining the maximum—the drivers ended the four-day strike and returned to their wheels. With the stupidity over, market women went back to walking to Port-au-Prince. They have always thought the 10¢ fare too high for a mere five miles.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Inspectors in the Beverly Hills, Calif. post office, raking through the mails for obscene material, triumphantly found a naughty volume sent from England to a local bookseller. The offending pornographer: **Aristophanes**. The intercepted work: *Lysistrata*, that gay old tale of how the wives of Athens, trying to force their menfolk into calling off a war, stage a mass boudoir lockout. At week's end, the post office hinted that it might let this lascivious matter pass, provided that the bookseller would produce an affidavit from some library, artist, writer, museum



United Press

MARGARET CHASE SMITH
A foray to Moscow.

or private collector interested in buying the book (available in almost any U.S. bookstore) for its value as a classic.

With an entourage of equipment-laden TV film men, Maine's handsome Republican Senator **Margaret Chase Smith** took off for a round of Western European capitals, plus a foray to Moscow. The highlights of her trip will be unreel later on the CBS-TV program. See *It Now*, whose guiding star, Commentator **Edward R. Murrow**, last week accepted the annual Freedom House Award, given to him, in part, for his unwavering public stand against Wisconsin's Republican Senator **Joe McCarthy**.

In his London *Daily Express*, Britain's top press tycoon, Nova Scotia-born **Lord Beaverbrook**, whose ladder of success was firmly planted in faith in the Empire, penned a sorrowful salute to the state of his nation. Wrote the Beaver: "I am leaving for Canada and the West Indies, where I will stay for the winter. Forty years ago, I came in high hope and with great enthusiasm to help in the work for a united Empire. I go in gloom and sorrow.

The Empire is now being liquidated, and the British people don't care . . . I have always advocated emigration. To Canada and Australia and the Dominions . . . Now we have emigration, and on such a scale. For Mr. [Anthony] Eden is sending to European countries 120,000 young men of Britain. That is disastrous and disgraceful."

A self-characterized "simple trial lawyer," **Joseph N. Welch**, a Bostonian whose courtly ways belie his youth in Iowa hog country, turned up at Iowa's Grinnell College, his alma mater ('14), to accept an honorary doctor of laws degree. Welch, special counsel to the Army during the Army-McCarthy hearings, proceeded to debunk himself, to the delight of his combsucking listeners, on grounds that "I am not actually real." Welch's exposé of Welch: "[During the hearings], when I sat stunned and speechless, you said, 'What patience the man has.' When I sat in an agony of indecision, you said, 'How wise he is. He must be planning some deeply wonderful move.' Sometimes I was so weary that my mind was almost a blank. And then [when I spoke], some of you would say, 'How witty he is!'"

TV's aggressively charming Pianist **Liberace**, 34, whose best friend has always been his mother, proclaimed to his panting public that he is "still a free man," has no immediate plans to marry a nightclub dancer named Joanne Rio, whom he met four years ago in a Hollywood church. "I have to wait out the projects," giggled he. "Another year won't make me an old man." No sooner did he thus spike rumors of romance than one of his other projects panned out. An Oklahoma oil well, half-owned by Liberace and his ever-present brother George, blew itself in, began flowing at a heartening 100 barrels an hour.

Welterweight (5 ft. 4 in., 140 lbs.) Publisher **Bernarr ("Body Love") Macfadden**, 86, came out on the wrong end of an impromptu brawl with a heavyweight visitor to his Manhattan office. The intruder: his son Berwyn, 30, a physically cultured brute (6 ft., 190 lbs.) who blamed his father for causing him to lose his job as a dancing instructor. The elder Macfadden's version: "He came into my office with blood in his eye, and . . . before I knew what was happening, he slapped my face and hit me." Berwyn's story: "He tried to shoot me. He kicked me in the groin. In trying to restrain him, I accidentally poked him in the eye." Of one thing there was no doubt: Octogenarian Macfadden sported a fancy purple shinier.

On the eve of her 70th birthday, Mrs. **Eleanor Roosevelt**, who relaxed during the past twelve months by scurrying some 50,000 miles to boom the United Nations, sat back and reflected on her bustling life.

Now quite grey and stylishly stouter than she was during her twelve years as the nation's First Lady, Mrs. Roosevelt confided that her greatest pleasure now comes from "work . . . and [having] no people dependent on me to take my time." She lives alone in an apartment on Manhattan's East 62nd Street, celebrated her birthday at Hyde Park with all of her children present except Elliott (expected later). For exercise she no longer rides horseback through the Putnam County woods, but often strolls over the countryside with her two Scotties, one a grandson of F.D.R.'s famed Fala. Looking ahead, Eleanor Roosevelt, who has already accumulated 19 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, anticipates lots more of life, no neatly defined hereafter. Said she: "There is some kind of immortal-



United Press

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
A vote for independence.

ity, though I don't know what kind of shape immortality takes. And I don't worry about it."

The happy little band of British Laborites who toured Red China last month got a delayed kick in the pants from their recent hosts. The latest edition of the Red's *Modern Encyclopedia* hit the stands. Its strongest venom was saved for recent Peking Guest **Aneurin Bevan**, farthest left of Britain's top socialists. Nye did not make the grade as a "Foreign Personage" (two who did: party-lining Comedian **Charlie Chaplin** and Canterbury's Red Dean **Hewlett Johnson**), but instead was ignominiously lumped with such "Foreign Reactionaries" as his old enemy in the House of Commons, Sir **Winston Churchill**. The *Encyclopedia* then hailed off and let Nye have it: "Mr. Bevan wears the outward cloak of Socialism to hide the face of an agent of the bourgeoisie. He hoodwinks the British people, hinders the revolution of the British working man, and is in fact working in the interests of the British capitalists. He, with Mr. [Clement] Attlee, is just another one of the sly badger gang."



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Out at Home

When Marilyn Monroe married Joe DiMaggio nine months ago, many newspapers went slightly ga-ga, and some even disregarded history and hailed it as the "Romance of the Century." The calendar girl who rose to fame "in a birthday suit," crooned the Los Angeles *Herald & Express* had found bliss with a man who achieved success "in a baseball suit." Last week U.S. dailies figured they had an even bigger story about Marilyn and Joe.

Bannered the Chicago *Sun-Times*: MAR-



Associated Press

MARILYN MONROE
What's going on here?—Joe.

ILYN TELLS JOE: YOU'RE OUT AT HOME. Cried the New York *Journal American* atop Page One: JOE FANNED ON JEALOUSY. Reporting the news, the tabloid New York *Mirror* breathed heavily: "Shock waves swept around the world."

The shock waves, in Hollywood fashion, were set in motion by the press boss of 20th Century-Fox, Marilyn's studio. Fast-talking Harry Brand, an ex-newspaperman with a reputation as one of the smartest press-agents in Hollywood, had carefully prepared for the event. At the time of the marriage he had foresightedly extracted a promise from Marilyn that, if the marriage broke up, she would tell him first. Last week, when she phoned and sobbed out the news, Brand was ready. Quickly, he mobilized his troops. He called in five assistants while he dashed off a short release that the breakup was the result of "conflicting demands of their careers." Then the staff deployed to their phones, notified four Los Angeles dailies,

the wire services and such top columnists as Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, so that each would be the "first" to know. In only seven minutes, Hollywood's 20 top news outlets had the word.

Virus & Soup. Close to a hundred reporters promptly hustled out to Joe and Marilyn's rented (at \$750 a month) Beverly Hills home. But no one got in. As the newsmen sprawled on the lawn, trampled down rose bushes or broke branches from trees to get unobstructed views for their cameras, a crowd lined the street. From Marilyn's lawyer, Jerry Giesler, newsmen picked up bits, reported that Marilyn was upstairs sick in bed "with a virus" while Joe "brewed a pot of soup for his ailing wife." When a reporter asked why Joe didn't move out of the house, Giesler replied that he "wouldn't be surprised if Joe stayed until the lease ran out."

Recipe for Happiness. Columnist Sidney Skolsky, who often escorted Marilyn to Hollywood premieres, managed to get through to her, reported "exclusively," "There is no other man." Since no other reporters could interview the principals, the newsmen did the next best thing; they interviewed each other, tracked down friends of Marilyn's and Joe's, dug back in their memories and files, and wrote stories under such headlines as NIGHTS WERE DULL AT JOE AND MARILYN'S.

U.P.'s Aline Mosby, who once took off all her own clothes to report a nudist convention, wrote that Marilyn had once given her the recipe for "happiness." It was to "serve Joe dinner in his chair while he watched TV," and let him wear the pants in the family. Marilyn, according to Aline, also bought a "king-size, eight-foot bed," because she did not approve of separate bedrooms, and "often in bed you think of something you want to say, and you're not going to chase down the hall to another room."

Not to be outdone, modish, sexy Columnist Sheila Graham wrote: "Both parties were 'bored right to the ears' with each other . . . Marilyn confided to friends: 'Joe's idea of a good time is to stay home night after night looking at television.' [He] objected heatedly to the fanfare of sexy photos." Many another reporter wrote that Joe was particularly miffed by the publicity photos taken on a New York street a month ago, showing Marilyn's skirt billowing up over her backside. At the time, Joe was reported to have said angrily: "What the hell's going on here?"

Home to Frisco. After Marilyn and Joe were inaccessible for two days, Lawyer Giesler announced that Marilyn would hold a "silent" press conference; she would pose for pictures but would not talk. While the press waited outside the house, Joe came out with his bags, mumbled that he was going "home" to San Francisco, drove off in his blue Cadillac convertible.

Shortly after, Marilyn walked out in a black, form-fitting dress. As reporters

crowded around in what was called "a mob scene like something from the French Revolution," Marilyn burst into tears. She was hustled away in a car with Lawyer Giesler. Said the A.P.: "An exit worthy of an Academy Award."

All-American. Guessing that she had headed for the studio, reporters made straight for Pressagent Brand's office to wait for the next bulletin. Brand had his script ready. "We're all sorry at the studio that it happened," he began. "It was a wonderful kind of legend, Joe and Marilyn. Everybody loves 'em both. Everybody thinks it's Romeo and Juliet. It's the All-American Boy divorcing the All-American Girl." Asked a hard-bitten Hol-



Associated Press

JOE DIMAGGIO
Night after night, TV.—Marilyn.

lywood reporter: "But who gets custody of the Wheaties?"

Next day Hollywood almost returned to normal. Marilyn was back on the set of *The Seven Year Itch* in pink pajamas, going through "one of the funniest scenes in the movie" with Actor Tom Ewell. Despite her heartbreak, said a studio press-agent, "the show must go on." "Why?" asked a newsmen. Answered the press-agent: "We're \$50,000 and three days behind production on the picture already."

Strike's End

For 181 days in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the city's only two dailies have been closed by a strike of the American Newspaper Guild. When Guild members on the morning *Record* (circ. 29,177) and evening *Times-Leader-News* (circ. 59,594) walked out during bargaining on a new contract, mechanical employees of the papers refused to cross the picket lines, thus forcing the papers to stop publishing



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altogether. Guildsmen wanted five-year minimums raised to \$125 a week (from \$103), a 35-hour work week (instead of 39), and fringe benefits. The Guild also objected to compulsory arbitration of all disputes, which the management wanted in the contract. During the strike, Guildsmen put out their own temporary daily, reached a circulation of 37,500 in newspaperless Wilkes-Barre.

Last week the strike was finally settled after both the Guild and management compromised on all points, e.g., a minimum of \$109 next year, a 37½-hour week, etc. Said American Newspaper Guild President Joseph F. Collis, who is also assistant managing editor of the *Record* and leader of the strikers: "We think we won because we came out with a better contract and a stronger membership." Disagreed Management Representative A. Dewitt Smith: "In strikes, as in wars, nobody wins." Cost to the employees: more than \$650,000 in wages. Cost to the papers: more than \$1,000,000 in revenue.

Battle Page

During election campaigns, U.S. newspapers often run a "battle page" on which they let both parties argue their respective cases. Last week the New York *Herald Tribune* found itself trapped into running a battle page that it had never planned. The Republican *Trib* announced that it would run a 14-part series on Page One as a "basic statement of the Administration's position at the start of the autumn campaign." Among the authors: Vice President Nixon, Attorney General Brownell, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey. More than 100 other papers thought the series such a good idea that they bought it. But the first article (by Nixon) had barely hit the streets last week when the *Trib* heard from the Democrats.

In Washington Democratic National Chairman Stephen A. Mitchell denounced the series as "one-sided journalism" and "outright propaganda" in the "one-party press." He asked for equal space from *Trib* Editor Whitlaw Reid and told county chairmen all over the U.S. to make the same request of local papers running the series. Editor Reid announced that "we will be glad to make front-page space available to top Democratic spokesmen to present affirmative ideas of the Democratic Party." Other papers (e.g., the *Kansas City Star*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Washington Star*) also agreed to give the Democrats space. Among the Democratic authors: Adlai Stevenson, Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas, Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey.

♦ Nathan B. Blumberg, assistant professor of journalism at the University of Nebraska, last week published *One-Party Press?*, a study of the 1952 election coverage in 35 U.S. newspapers. His conclusion: "A majority of the newspapers in this study—18—met the highest standards of fair news presentation, and a large number of newspapers—11—showed no significant degrees of partiality that would warrant a charge of unfairness. The six newspapers found to have demonstrated partiality in their news columns constitute a minority."



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Quiet, Please

In carrying out the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the public schools, the nation's capital was supposed to be the nation's model. But last week it seemed for a while as if the model had fallen apart. At school after school, ugly demonstrations erupted.

Anacostia High School staged the biggest ruckus. There, 300 white students stayed away from their classes, while 300 more gathered outside the building to boo the Negroes who had recently been transferred to the school. Meanwhile, at McKinley High School, 150 students began a similar demonstration. Next day, the trouble spread to six junior high schools. Finally, Superintendent of Schools Hobart Corning warned the 2,800 strikers that unless they came back to school, they would disqualify themselves for all school privileges, would be denied the right to play on teams or to run for club

Building the Kingdom

Almost as soon as he took office in 1953, Harvard's President Nathan Pusey made one thing clear: whatever else he might accomplish, he was determined to put new life into the Divinity School. The school had long suffered from neglect. It was operating with only three full-time professors, had not had a major fund-raising campaign between 1879 and 1949. Though a special committee set up by President Conant did urge that Harvard once again become "a strong center of religious learning," few alumni seemed to care whether Divinity survived or not.

By last week President Pusey was able to announce the beginning of a whole new "chapter in the history of the Divinity School." Partly through the efforts of a group of alumni, and partly because of the interest shown by Episcopalians Pusey himself, the school is already at the halfway mark of the \$7,000,000 endowment



HARVARD THEOLOGIAN: TILlich, BUTTRICK & WILDER
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offices. Just as quickly as the trouble began, it came to an end.

In Baltimore, 2,000 white students also tried to keep their school system in turmoil. They marched on City Hall crying "We want the mayor," challenged policemen to "come and get us." But at week's end, Baltimore reported that almost everyone was back in class.

Why had all the nonsense ceased so abruptly? Part of the reason seemed to be that responsible officials showed impatience with adults who were egging their children on. Delaware's Attorney General Albert Weiss announced that he would bring court action to revoke the charter of the race-baiting National Association for the Advancement of White People (TIME, Oct. 11). In Baltimore, Police Commissioner Beverly Ode declared on TV that he would henceforth enforce all regulations making it illegal to persuade children to stay out of school. U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell said that the Justice Department was also watching the fomenters of strikes and riots. For the moment, at least, such words spoke a good deal louder than the troublemakers' harangues.

goal set in 1952. More important, it has taken on a new mission. Once known for a methodical sort of scholarship inherited from the theologians of 19th century Germany, it now intends to become an active leader of organized Protestant religion. To that end President Pusey and Acting Dean George Williams have been trying to collect a faculty of "men who are both churchmen and scholars." Their latest appointments:

¶ Episcopalian John D. Wild, 52, of the Harvard philosophy department, authority on Aristotelian realism, acid critic of positivism and existentialism. His course at Divinity: medieval scholasticism.

¶ Congregationalist Amos N. Wilder, 59, former professor of New Testament at Chicago Theological Seminary and the University of Chicago. Famed as both poet and theologian (as well as for being the brother of novelist Thornton), Amos Wilder specializes in the field of eschatology.

¶ Lutheran Krister Stendahl, 33, one of Sweden's most brilliant Christian scholars, authority on the first century school of St. Matthew, avid apostle of Sweden's highly intellectual Christian youth movement.

¶ German-born Paul Tillich, 67, ordained

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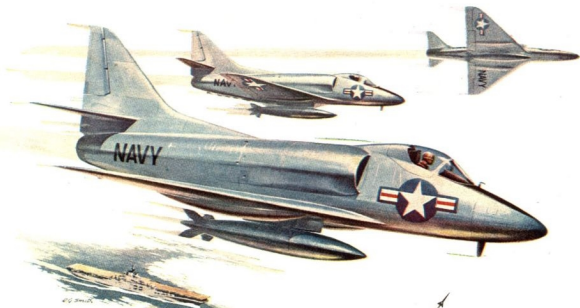
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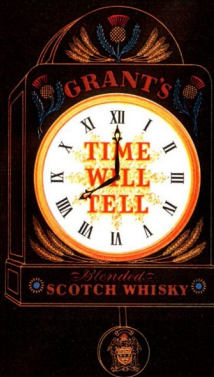
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from all over, in Austins, Rolls-Royces, and by the special bus that he sends to the railroad station to meet the train from London. They wait for their appointments amid sweet-smelling flowers and chirping parakeets, then are welcomed by the eager healer himself in a large, paneled room with a white crucifix on a table.

Edwards and his two assistants, an ex-butcher named George Burton and his wife Olive, are dressed in medical-looking white. Silently they wait, heads bowed, for two minutes' meditation; then the patient is placed in a straight-backed chair facing Harry Edwards.

Attunement by Mail. The first patient one afternoon recently said: "I seem to have lost power in my arms and legs." Edwards' large, supple hands began to massage and manipulate the limbs gently and surely. "You feel better now, don't you?" he asked. "Yes," she answered faintly. "Yes—much better."

Olive Burton then placed her hands on the woman's forehead. George Burton stood behind, firmly gripping her shoulders. Edwards took her hands. All three closed their eyes. This was the crucial moment—what Edwards calls "attunement." "We get in tune with the spirit people. They receive information that we can give them, and they direct the healing." When it was over, Healer Edwards advised the woman's husband: "No reason why she shouldn't get better. Keep in touch with me. Look after her." No fee is asked, but at the door is a plate for contributions.

In this way, Edwards can handle some two dozen people in one afternoon, but he is even more efficient by mail. Each morning an average 2,500 letters arrive, to be opened and acknowledged by a staff of 40 healthful helpers. By the mysterious process of attunement, healing begins at the moment when Edwards or one of his assistants reads the letter. "In absent healing, we touch most of those people when they are asleep," Edwards explains. "We help children who are too young to have faith."

Edwards' following is growing fast, and imitators are setting up shop all over Britain. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York found it necessary to appoint a 23-member committee "to consider the theological, medical, psychological and pastoral aspects of Divine healing." Seventeen members of the committee watched Edwards' demonstration in Albert Hall.

Edwards himself says cockily that he hopes church leaders will be "enlightened enough to reintroduce healing into the church as it was in the early centuries."

The 20-Hour Nuns

A Franciscan nun with a round, grandmotherly face stepped out of her office into the Los Angeles sunshine one morning last week, threaded her way between pieces of lumber and piles of bricks until she spotted a trowel. Picking it up, she laid a brick in businesslike fashion, smiled happily at the nearest bricklayer and said: "Thank God it is going up."

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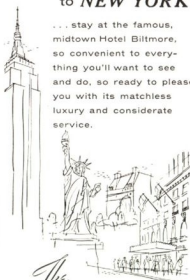
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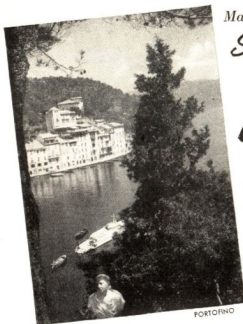
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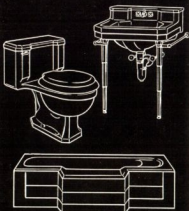
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65-bed wing for St. Anne's Maternity Hospital, a home for unwed mothers. The nun was Sister Winifred, 59, head of St. Anne's ever since she took charge in 1941. St. Anne's was an inauspicious waif itself in those days, consisting of one building, one 40-year-old cottage and exactly \$39.39 in cash. Recalls Sister Winifred: "We couldn't even pay for the groceries." Now, the hospital operates on an annual budget of \$107,000, maintains 42 beds, and has a volunteer staff of 32 doctors. Up at 4:30 a.m. for prayers and on call late into the night, Sister Winifred and her hard-working staff of nine have earned themselves the nickname of "the 20-hour nuns."

The girls they care for have a nickname, too: it is UM (for unmarried mothers). Most UMs are under 20, victims of a lie, or of violence, or possessors of an over-generous nature. One of the most tragic cases in St. Anne's history: a ravished



Murray Garrett—Graphic House

SISTER WINIFRED

A waif got a wing.

child of eleven who still believed in Santa Claus and carried a rag doll to bed with her each night. For the rest, "we get a girl who has slipped." Sister Winifred says, "but who is trying to do what is right."

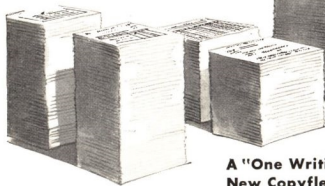
In an average week in St. Anne's obstetrical ward, UMs give birth to eight infants. Sister Winifred usually advises adoption. Says she: "Not every girl can make it on her own with a baby. Both mother and baby have to go through a lot because some things never can be covered up." When a girl shows maturity and spunk, Sister Winifred sometimes advises her to keep her child. Wrote one such girl last week: "Two years ago, I and my family thought I had ruined my whole life. And here I am with a wonderful husband, a beautiful baby and another on the way. Each night I ask God to bless you and your work."

Says Sister Winifred: "The only thing we ever really worry about are the unwed mothers who never reach St. Anne's."

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The Arm

Most football players take at least one bruising season to earn a reputation. Purdue's Leonard ("The Arm") Dawson took just three-quarters of an hour spread across two autumn afternoons. Last month, while the Boilermakers beat Missouri 31-0, the 19-year-old sophomore spent 23 minutes on the field, threw passes that scored four out of five of his team's touchdowns. Fortnight ago, Dawson took just 22 minutes to upset powerful Notre Dame by tossing four touchdown passes, intercepting one Irish attempt, and kicking three out of four conversions. Final score: Dawson 27, Notre Dame 14. Last week, while Duke bottled up Boilermaker pass receivers and held Purdue in check (13-13), it was Dawson who kicked the game-tying extra point.

Pretty Prize. Len Dawson is the first to admit that no man really wins ball games all by himself. (Proof of Purdue's powerful line is the fact that Len had to "eat the ball" only once the first 29 times



PURDUE'S DAWSON & FAMILY
No man wins by himself.

he dropped back to pass.) But even as a high-school student in Alliance, Ohio, Len had a well-developed knack of winning all the athletic honors in sight. He was captain of the football, basketball and baseball teams; as a senior quarterback, he completed 100 out of 200 passes for a school record of 1,615 yards.

As a high-school junior, Len latched on to another nonacademic prize: pretty Jacqueline Puzder, a tiny, blue-eyed sophomore who had just moved to town from Cleveland. In the early fall of 1953, shortly after Len entered Purdue, Jackie visited the college campus to watch a football game, came home secretly married. She stayed home long enough to

When you have shot one bird flying you have shot all birds flying. They are all different and they fly in different ways but the sensation is the same and the last one is as good as the first.

—Ernest Hemingway, *Fathers and Sons*

ALL the sensations of that good last shoot come back to hunters with the turn of the season. Memory rides south with the migrating waterfowl on the first clear days of fall. Then the wind veers into the northeast, the barometer drops, grey clouds scud into rain, and that old feeling returns. It is fine duck weather—time for a man to be paddling out into the marshes in the predawn cold, waiting with frostbitten impatience for a long V of honkers, watching them wing into the breeze and flare out as they drop down to feed.

Cold beyond help of padded clothing or any flask of liquid warmth, a hunter can still come alive to the heart-moving sight of "White Wavys" (snow geese) settling into range or the whisper of duck wings in the reeds just before the birds take off. Last week, as wintering waterfowl beat their way south, hunting seasons were opening along the ancient flyways: the Atlantic seaboard, the Pacific and mountain states, down the Mississippi Valley and south across the Great Plains. Everywhere the birds stopped, they matched wits with well-equipped adversaries. Guns belched bird shot from cramped duckboats and drafty duckblinds, as hunters tried every trick in the book to bring home the legal bag limit.

Dangerous Decoy. Near Utah's Bear River Wildlife Refuge, where the bleak shadows of the Wasatch Mountains stretch toward Great Salt Lake, hunters could hardly shoot fast enough. Fat from a summer in the grainfields of western Canada, great flights of geese and fresh-water ducks made tempting targets (see color pages following). Bright, bobbing decoys lured the flyers down toward danger; artificial calls quacked to them as they passed; shotguns (usually 12 gauge) blasted broad patterns of destruction across the shallow reaches of the river. The miracle was that so many birds survived.

But game birds are a tricky breed. As old Hunter Hemingway says, they all fly different ways. A man who can plug a teal zigzagging upward out of marsh grass may have a tough time sighting in on a flight of mallard drumming toward him. Learning to lead a speedy pintail is another trick entirely from following a wood duck through trees. For all the instruction a hunter may have had, all the trapshooting he may have done, lining up a wing shot, says one expert, "is something like learning how to balance peas on the edge of your knife, or kissing your wife. Only practice and a species of intuition will make you successful."

In some areas, so much shot has been fired at elusive ducks that birds have actually died of lead poisoning without even being hit (diving for food in shallow water, ducks sometimes swallow astonishing quantities of soft-lead pellets).

Sturdy Protector. Aside from their hunters' ineptness and their own evasive skill, migrating waterfowl have another sturdy protector: the game laws of almost every country that they pass over. Unlike the fisherman, the duck hunter cannot throw back the one he takes just for kicks; carefully calculated hunting seasons and bag limits guard the birds from overenthusiastic sportsmen.

Fortunately for the duck hunter's friends, they seldom have to listen for long to the fat glories of "the one that got away." Most of the time, a beaten, bone-weary gunman will simply explain: "That big mallard I missed had most likely been stuffing himself with fish. He would have tasted terrible anyway."

finish high school, but she got to Purdue often. Two weeks before her graduation, she gave birth to a baby girl, Lisa Anne.

Pure T. Len's choice of Purdue was a deliberate move on the part of a dedicated football player. Ardent alumni from other universities wooed him, and finally the choice narrowed down to Ohio State and Purdue. "I decided against Ohio State," says Dawson, "because they had the split-T working, and I wasn't anxious to get involved in that."

What Len got involved in at Purdue was a pure T formation, an "academic scholarship" (which pays his tuition as long as his grades stay respectable) and a \$70-a-month paycheck, for which he turns in some manual labor on the college grounds every now and then—mostly then. Along with most other married couples on the campus, Len and Jackie live in

the ramshackle remnants of a wartime housing project that has already served a generation of veterans. The hard lines of dreary shacks, linked to each other by lengths of clothesline, are softened by trim lawns and swarms of children. At 6:30 every morning, Lisa Anne doubles as an alarm clock, Jackie gets breakfast, and Len rushes to get ready for classes. Afternoons he spends on the practice field; evenings, he tries to find energy to study.

The Arm is dedicated to his job. Always first on the practice field and last to leave, he never stops polishing his passes. "He's slim (6 ft., 177 lbs.) but well-proportioned," says Coach Stuart Holcomb, "ideal for a T-quarterback. He's the most unusual boy I've ever seen. He can throw anything: fast, slow, long, short, lobs, bullets, dump passes; take your choice."

Against Duke, Dawson had little oppor-

AMERICAN WATERFOWL



DUCK HUNTER and decoys, silhouetted against lowering sky, are familiar fall scene in marshes bordering Utah's Great Salt Lake.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JOERN GERDTS



CANVASBACK DRAKE



PAIR OF REDHEADS



EUROPEAN WIDGEONS



YOUNG MALE BUFFLEHEAD



AMERICAN COOTS, awkward flyers and handicapped by lack of webbed feet, must race like runners across surface of water to take off.



AMERICAN PINTAILS



GREEN-WINGED TEAL



PAIR OF WOOD DUCKS



MALLARDS



LESSER SNOW GEESE, pure white with black wingtips, are arctic nesters which swing down across Canada and the U.S. to winter ranges in California and along Gulf Coast.

CANADA GEESE, pausing on hilltop below Utah's Wasatch Mountains, are prized by hunters for cunning and strength. They are recognized by black-and-white heads.



tunity to choose. Alert Blue Devil defenders covered his targets. But while Duke was busy guarding the air lanes, Fullback Bill Murakowski had room to score on the ground. Just having The Arm cocked, ready to throw, kept Duke's linebackers honest—and kept Purdue in the game.

Consent Decree

A ticket to the royal enclosure at Ascot costs only £10 (£7 for women), but for two centuries British horse-lovers have had more trouble getting in than a fishmonger's daughter trying to marry the Prince of Wales. A man needed more than the cash and the proper clothes; his social background had to shine pure and proud under the fierce scrutiny of the Duke of Norfolk and his committee of twelve inquisitors. Ever since Ascot was founded by Queen Anne in 1711, court rules have governed admission to the royal enclosure. And since Britain's Sovereign heads the Church of England (which frowns on divorce), the duke and his minions never tolerated divorced persons on the royal greensward.

"You could go coroneted to acclaim your Queen in Westminster Abbey with the stain of divorce on you," wrote an angry *Sunday Express* columnist last year, "but you cannot, if so stained, have the duke's permission to cheer her horse at Ascot." Barred bluebloods saw red when divorced American Actor Douglas Fairbanks got into the enclosure. But there was nothing they could do. (Fairbanks got his passes through the U.S. embassy; had he been a British subject he would have stayed outside with his peers, Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, Bertrand Russell and Randolph Churchill.)

Last week Bernard Marmaduke Fitz-Alan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, announced that Ascot would relax its rigid rules. From now on, participation in a divorce action will not be grounds for automatic exclusion from the royal enclosure. The same old rigid rules would still govern admission to the patch of ground immediately before the Queen's box, known as the "Queen's Lawn." And now that the big barrier is down, said the duke, the size of the royal enclosure will be doubled.

The Moscow Whistle

A Russian sports broadcaster last week told his radio audience that the Arsenal eleven, which was about to arrive in Moscow, was the best soccer team in Britain. Twenty years ago, Arsenal may well have been one of the best in all Europe. But by the time it went to Russia last week (at Moscow's cordial invitation), the team stood 15th among Britain's top 22 teams. Before the game with the Moscow Dynamos was half over, the most disciplined Soviet sports fan was beginning to doubt the party line; "Britain's best" were playing like footsore stumblebums. The Dynamos won easily, 5-0.

The match was so one-sided that the stadium rocked to the shrill and scornful sound of the "Moscow Whistle," a nerve-

racking Eastern echo of The Bronx cheer. English sportswriters found it all terribly embarrassing. "The Russians," said Desmond Hackett of the *Daily Express*, "are not easily amused. But before battered Arsenal had crawled out of the floodlit stadium tonight, 75,000 Russians were laughing like kids at a pantomime . . . The crowd were tossing peaked caps and laughing fit to bust . . ."

Fed up with a growing list of losses in the game that their ancestors perfected, English soccer fans are getting just a little tired of being told that, at any rate, their teams are the best behaved. The big question in Britain last week: Had the Russians deliberately invited Arsenal in order to set up an easy victory for themselves? England was "sacrificed," snarled Peter Wilson in the *Daily Mirror*, to "make a Russian holiday."

Scoreboard

¶ At New York's Belmont Park, Belair Stud's big bay colt, Nashua, got a skillful hand ride from Jockey Eddie Arcaro, needed just one whack of the whip to hold off a determined last-furlong drive by Mrs. R. A. Firestone's Summer Tan and win the 65th running of the season's juvenile classic, the Futurity.

¶ In Manhattan, the Davis Cup selection committee named the players who will go to Australia for the inter-zone final and the challenge round. In one more effort to bring home the cup, the U.S. will send the same team that failed to do the job last winter: Captain William F. Talbert, U.S. Champion Vic Seixas, former U.S. champion Tony Trabert and Intercollegiate Champion Ham Richardson.

¶ In Vienna, as the Russian team piled up an unbeatable lead in the world weightlifting championships, Russian Featherweight Fedor Tshimishkian set a new world record by lifting a total of 770 lbs. ¶ In Cleveland, just 22 years after she won her first Olympic title, Stella Walsh, 43, piled up 1,738 points in strenuous competition for the U.S. women's pentathlon championship and won that title for the fifth time.

¶ At Champaign, Ill., unbeaten Ohio State corralled Illinois' All-America Candidate J. C. Caroline, turned loose their own scat back, Bobby Watkins, and made a bid for the Big Ten championship by outrunning the Illini, 40-7. At Madison, Wis., Alan ("the Horse") Ameche battered the Rice line for two touchdowns as Wisconsin won, 13-7. In Dallas, for all their fumbles, the Oklahoma Sooners beefed up their claim to collegiate football's top rank by beating Texas, 14-7. In the Ivy League, Harvard's Crimson outshaded the Big Red of Cornell in a surprising upset, 13-12; Yale outlasted Columbia, 13-7, and Princeton squeaked past Penn by the same score.

¶ In St. Louis, the *Sporting News* polled sportswriters, umpires and players to determine the major leagues' Rookies of the Year. The winners: the St. Louis Cardinals' hard-hitting outfielder, Wally Moon (TIME, Aug. 23), and the New York Yankees' 20-game-winning pitcher, Bob Grim.



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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Reclining Figure (by Harry Kurnitz) is a comedy about an eccentric and difficult art collector, and his daughter and his dealers and his staff. Offered a fake Renoir, Lucas Edgerton feels for the first time a genuine enthusiasm—rather than mere acquisitive excitement—for a picture; and one of Playwright Kurnitz's twists is that, seeing the boss so jubilantly bamboozled, Edgerton's own cowed, stoogelike expert lacks the courage to enlighten him.

Reclining Figure provides a well-acted catalogue of art-world highjinks, of 57th Street dealers who are chiefly double-dealers, of competitiveness that seems more like conspiracy. The play takes some amusing potshots at these methods, and in the last act finally mixes the methods with a lively madness of its own. Helped by Percy Waram's deft performance, the play also gets some fun out of the crotchety Edgerton—for whom, plainly, Philadelphia's late great Collector Albert (Argyrol) Barnes was the inspiration.

But the play needs a great deal more inspiration than that. In *Reclining Figure*, art is long—exceedingly long during the first two acts. The play's chief asset, its nimble wisecracking, is not also a liability. For it impedes the farcical explosiveness needed for so plot-heavy a yarn, and—brash even where it is funny—the wisecracking prevents *Reclining Figure* from being elegant or urbane. Writing of 57th Street, Playwright Kurnitz has caught Broadway's tone while missing its tempo.

Old Favorite in Manhattan

Blues, Ballads and Sin-Songs brought Libby Holman back to Broadway in a one-woman show. A quarter of a century after *Body and Soul* and *Moanin' Low*, Libby still looks youthful, her voice is still throaty and smoldering. Last week's music noticeably differed, however, from the songs the siren sang in *The Little Show* and *Three's a Crowd*; her present program—some of it suggesting what might be termed musical American primitives—sets her where the nightclub singer merges (or clashes) with the recitalist.

Vocally, Libby does well with many of her blues and gets something quick and laughing into lighter things like *Cindy and Rolly Trudum*. For a classic ballad like *Barbara Allen*, she has neither enough simplicity nor enough style; but the chief trouble with the evening as a whole is the unharmonized nature of the evening as a whole. In not giving a plain recital for those who want blues and ballads straight, Libby accepts the challenge of the far more precarious one-woman show. And she hasn't the expert showmanship; she just isn't actress or sorceress enough. She manipulates herself, and the kitchen chair that is her only prop, in all sorts of bold, mannered, ingenious ways; but they call too much attention to themselves, or seem too cute, or wear thin too soon, or don't

really blend with her songs. It is her voice that is true theater, not these stage tricks; and when she sings the old favorites as encores, the voice is all that is needed.

Libby Holman's private life has given her a right to sing the blues. In 1931 she married 20-year-old Z. (for Zachary) Smith Reynolds, heir to a \$28 million cigarette (Camels) fortune. Eight months later, he was shot through the head at a drunken party. With a splash of tabloid headlines, Libby and Reynolds' male secretary were indicted for murder, then freed for lack of evidence. Six months after his father died, Christopher Smith ("Topper") Reynolds was born. He inherited \$7,000,000 (Libby got \$750,000).

As her son grew up, Libby turned from



Fred Fehl

LIBBY HOLMAN

A right to sing the blues.

Moanin' Low to higher-brow efforts: American folk music, serious drama. In 1945 her second husband, Actor Ralph Holmes, died from an overdose of sleeping pills. Five years later Topper, who had become a popular, intelligent youth and the center of Libby's life, died in a mountain-climbing accident on Mount Whitney (TIME, Aug. 28, 1950).

Last week, in her East Side apartment, 50-year-old Libby Holman, no tragic figure, was happily immersed in her "theater piece." Why did she change to ballads? "The songs are much richer and deeper than smarty-pants Tin Pan Alley." The mixed critical opinion? "I never read the hatchmen. You can't change what you're doing just because some people don't like it." From Broadway Libby will take *Blues* on a brief East Coast tour, then perhaps to India and Japan. "No retiring to a chicken farm for me," she says. "I'm going to keep on singing as long as I have a voice."

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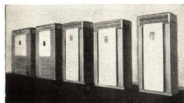
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PSYCHIATRIST MORGAN & GOVERNOR CRAIG
Out of bedlam on a budget.

chaos. There were ten mental hospitals, each run as a petty principality by an autonomous board of trustees. Craig got the legislature to put all state hospitals under centralized control and to vote an extra \$4,400,000 (a 21% increase) for running them the first year, and \$6,700,000 the next. Then the real work began.

As overall director of the department of health, Craig imported Rear Admiral (ret.) Bertram Groesbeck Jr., former commanding officer of the famous Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md. As the state's first commissioner of mental health, Craig picked an unlikely looking candidate: a handsome, 41-year-old blonde with grey-green eyes. Dr. Margaret Elaine Morgan, a topnotch Indiana psychiatrist. Governor Craig was not deterred by the fact that her brother, Ivan H. ("Jack") Morgan, was feuding with him in G.O.P. councils (he has since booted the brother out of party office, kept the sister on at a higher salary than his own—\$20,000, highest on the state payroll).

Governor Craig and Drs. Morgan and Groesbeck went through Indiana's mental hospitals like ferrets through a rabbit warren. At Indianapolis' Central State Hospital, an ancient, overcrowded firetrap within sight of the Statehouse, they found the men's infirmary as bad as any storied bedlam. The 55 patients were nearly all incontinent, and spent day and night lying naked on their beds in their own excrement. "Meals" consisted of cold slop, eaten with a spoon. None ever left the "infirmary" except to go to the morgue.

At the Village for Epileptics in New Castle, the reformers found almost 1,000 patients kept on a food budget of 17¢ a day each, plus some of the village's own ill-distributed farm produce. The village had never had a registered nurse, a dietitian or a social-service staff. Most of its patients had never had a proper examination, and many should never have been admitted in the first place—their cases had been sloppily misdiagnosed.

At Muscatatuck State School for the

Mentally Retarded, Dr. Groesbeck saw his first case of rickets in 36 years as a licensed physician, so bad was the malnutrition. Expensive new medical and dental equipment was found crated in basements, where it had rusted for ten years or more—nobody was interested enough to unpack it, and anyhow, there was no technical staff to use it.

Spend More! At the urging of Dr. Morgan, Indiana's executive and legislature have adopted the policy that the best is the cheapest in the long run. For the present, the state's mental hospitals pride themselves not on how much money they can save but on how much they can spend—as an index to their efforts in treating, and perhaps curing, their patients so that they can be sent home and cease to be a charge to the state.

In little more than a year, Dr. Morgan's department has added 28 doctors, 31 social workers, 51 nurses and 560 attendants to its payroll. Ideally, says Dr. Morgan, Indiana should hire 150 M.D.s and 1,595 registered nurses, but there is not that much trained personnel for hire in all the U.S. The cost of patient care is up to \$2.86 a day (still well below Kansas' \$5.85 and California's \$3.53) and should top \$3.75 in 1956.

And that, holds Dr. Morgan, will be sound economy. Under the old system of hopeless "custodial care," the average stay in a state hospital was more than twelve years; nowadays that would cost \$13,152. By intensive treatment, the average stay has already been cut to less than ten years. And at the new Larue D. Carter Memorial Hospital in Indianapolis, where patients play shuffleboard or work off their aggressive impulses on a punching bag (which has to be replaced once a month), the average patient's stay is only 85 days and costs about \$1,275. The explanation: Carter Hospital gets cases promptly after diagnosis and treats them promptly; untreated, they would wind up, years later, in the hopeless wards.

In the men's infirmary at Central State, patients have been retrained and sent to more open, hopeful wards. All are out of bed, wearing clothes, and lining up regularly for a hot meal. Throughout the hospital, drugs such as chlorpromazine (TIME, June 14) are used along with music therapy to bring patients out of their withdrawn states. Straitjackets, "camisoles" and irons have vanished; solitary confinement has been cut to a minimum.

Last week Governor Craig announced that Indiana will soon begin building a \$1,000,000 center for research into the causes of all mental illness. From this type of research, eventually, may come preventives and cures for mental illnesses that now keep state hospitals full.

Is a Possum Neurotic?

German-born Psychiatrist Hans Lowenbach of Duke University was puzzled for a moment when a colleague complained that one of his patients was "playing possum." Turning the colloquialism over in his mind, Dr. Lowenbach asked himself: "What would happen if a possum played



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patient?" So he started giving the animals a series of psychological tests.

Alarmed by a buzzer or a flash of light, possums played possum for an average of two minutes, six seconds. Then Dr. Lowenbach and Dr. John Andrews Ritchie gave the marsupials standard electric-shock treatments. After ten doses the possums, when alarmed, froze for an aver-



OPPOSSUM PLAYING OPPUSSUM
Worse off than the couched?

age of only eight seconds. Some did not freeze at all, and actually "came out fighting" when a light flashed on them.

Perhaps, Dr. Lowenbach suggested to the Southern Psychiatric Association last week, the trick of "playing dead" may show that the opossum is even more beset than the average psychiatric patient by such traits as "severe anxiety, neurosis, depression, lack of initiative and recession into himself."

Capsules

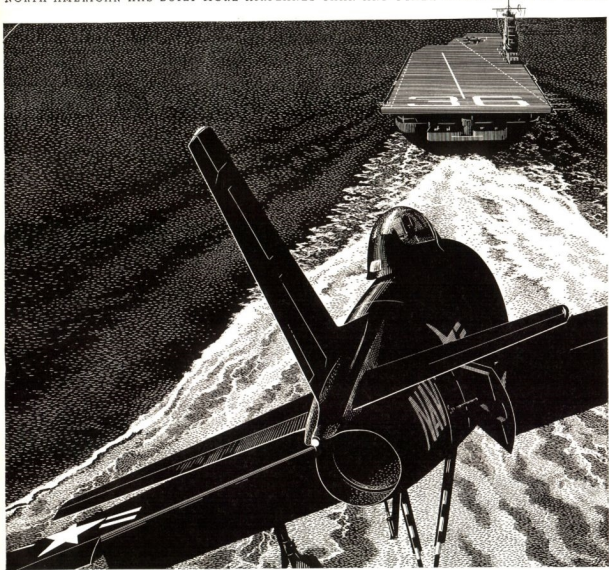
¶ Dogtrotting regularly for the morning train and brisk walking to appointments keep the heart and lungs in trim for emergencies, reported Philadelphia's Dr. Burgess L. Gordon. "It's the habit of taking things easy most of the time and then placing a sudden strain on the body in an emergency that is dangerous."

¶ A bandage that does not stick to wounds, so that it peels off painlessly and bloodlessly, was announced by Bauer & Black. Called Telfa, it has a perforated plastic layer next to the skin.

¶ The A.M.A. complained that advertisers are increasingly making exaggerated claims for the safety of continuous vaporizers that spread poison to kill insects and other pests, and reiterated a warning: lindane, the chemical commonly used in these gadgets, "is retained in the brain and liver and may cause serious and lasting damage to the central nervous system." Exempted from the charge: hand-operated aerosol bombs.

¶ Adelaide's Lament in Guys and Dolls sings of "psychosomatic symptoms difficult to endure" ("In other words, just from waiting around for that plain little band of gold / A person can develop a cold"). But Manhattan's Dr. Bret Ratner disagrees with Adelaide. The psychosomatic approach to allergies, he complains, has become so popular that the family doctor has a hard time deciding whether to refer cases to a psychiatrist or an allergist. Allergist Ratner plumps for the allergist. Says he: "If the psychiatric factors are treated exclusively, there can be little hope for lasting help."

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BOOKS

Prophet of Hope & Fear

A STUDY OF HISTORY, Vols. VII-X (2,685 pp.)—Arnold J. Toynbee—Oxford (\$35).

Above the high altar of the Benedictine Abbey of Ampleforth, in Yorkshire, hung a man. He was holding on precariously to the foot of the crucifix, while a voice said: "Amplexus expecta [Cling and wait]!"

Thus Professor Arnold Toynbee once saw himself in a dream. The eminent British historian (who dreams as fluently in Latin as he writes in Greek) tells this nighttime vision in the concluding volumes of his monumental *Study of History*. While to 20th century psychoanalysts the dream may be a commonplace of troubled souls, it nevertheless sums up Historian Toynbee's ultimate message to Western civilization. The message is: hang on, wait and pray.

Coming at the end of a lifetime's work that ranges over all recorded history in dazzling detail, and pronounced at a time of unprecedented crisis, these words may sound like a thundering anticlimax. Yet the mind that formed them, the context in which they are set down and the view of man that lies behind them, all compel utmost attention from Americans, who themselves are now haunted by the feeling that they are precariously hanging on above a menacing chasm of history.

Toynbee to Date. On the morning after the start of World War II, the first six volumes of Toynbee's *Study* were gathering dust in libraries, their author un-

known outside a tiny circle. But by 1947 an abridgment had become a bestseller, and today Toynbee is a household word in all the better-informed households. His fame rests on two major achievements:

¶ In an age of historians who consider God irrelevant, Toynbee put God back into history. The end of history, he asserted, is the Kingdom of God, and history is "God revealing Himself."

¶ In an age of "antinomian" historians (who are devoted "to the dogma that 'life is just one damned thing after another'"), Toynbee organized history in a pattern. He treated not of nations or races or even "forces," but of civilizations which he saw living and dying in regular cycles. This concept was popularized by Germany's brilliant Historian Oswald Spengler (1880-1936), but where Spengler saw the rise and fall of civilizations inexorably fated, Toynbee believed them subject to man's free will and God's grace.

In Toynbee's image, Western civilization was a climber high up on a rocky cliff. All other civilizations had fallen to their deaths or were lying stagnant on lower ledges. Only the West was still free to continue the climb. According to Toynbee, Western civilization was born out of the dying Roman Empire and the church, had its period of growth in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and probably suffered its fatal breakdown (defined by Toynbee as a failure of self-determination followed by submission to "false idols," such as nationalism) in the period of the 16th and 17th century religious wars. Since then, the West has been in its "time of troubles," marked by

recurring wars. Invariably, in all past civilizations examined by Toynbee, the next stage had been the forcible establishment of a "universal state," in which the strongest of the warring rivals knocked out all others and for a time enforced peace. Invariably, these universal states rotted away inside their imposing armor. Grown morally feeble, the leaders ("creative minority") no longer responded to the challenges that faced them, the masses ("internal proletariat") lost faith in the leaders, and barbarians waiting outside the walls ("external proletariat") finally conquered the dying civilization. (Today's barbarians, for the most part, are not outside civilization's walls but inside.)

Somewhere late in its time of troubles, but short of the fatal establishment of a universal state, is the point where Toynbee tentatively left the West at the end of Volume VI. And that is the point where he now takes up the story again.

New Vision of History. The concluding volumes of the *Study* are dominated by a striking assertion: religion is not merely a guide or inspiration to civilization but its very reason for being.

Toynbee rejects the view that religions are "cancers" of civilization (e.g., Gibbon held that rising Christianity sapped the strength of the Roman Empire). He also discards the view, to which he inclined earlier, of religion as mainly a chrysalis for civilization (e.g., the church preserved "a precious germ of life" of the dead Roman civilization). Toynbee now believes that the higher religions do not exist to give birth to civilizations, but that civilizations exist in order to give birth to higher religions. "The birth of a civilization is a catastrophe if it is a regression from a previously established church, while the breakdown of a civilization is not a catastrophe if it is the overture to a church's birth."

Does this mean that the West is doomed, able only to take cold comfort from the hope that out of its grave new religious life will sprout? Not necessarily, says Toynbee: "I do not believe that civilizations have to die . . . Civilization is not an organism. It is a product of wills."

Toynbee ridicules the smugness of the 18th and 19th centuries in terms of a Max Beerbohm cartoon (see cut). The Enlightened Dandy is so taken with his perfection that he can conceive of the future only as a gawkiest version of himself; the Victorian Bourgeois is so optimistic that he sees the future as a figure fairly bursting with progress. But Toynbee believes that the 20th century's thin, frightened young man who sees only a question mark in the future ("Is he perhaps wondering whether he can even look forward to having any successor of any kind?") may be equally wrong. Doom is no more automatic than progress.

Herodians, Zealots & a Nymph. Toynbee is sure that a universal state—a single, worldwide government run either by Washington or Moscow—has been rendered inevitable ("sooner rather than later") by modern technology. The atom bomb clinched it. The only question is: Will the world state come about by war



THE ABBEY OF AMPLEFORTH
A voice said: "Amplexus expecta!"

Brigitte Hestel



THE FUTURE: 18TH CENTURY

or peacefully? Toynbee has no illusions that it can be brought about by the U.N., or by any "talismanic blueprint of a federal constitution." His own answer is conditioned by a fascinating historical analysis of how nations try to meet the penetration of foreign civilizations. There are, he says, two constantly recurring patterns of response by "the party at bay against an inhuman enemy within its battered gates." These two responses he calls Zealotism and Herodianism, after the two Jewish parties at the time of Christ, who tried to cope with the inroads of Hellenic civilization.

The Zealots fought the Hellenic aggression by trying to keep out all Hellenic ideas and insisting on old ways and values to the last. The Herodians were as firmly convinced that the only way to stave off the enemy was to borrow enough Hellenism to give the Jews a chance to hold their own. In the end, both methods proved equally futile. Why?

Suppose, says Toynbee, a pixie Lady of the Lake sees her inviolate body of water sullied by "an audacious backwoodsman's canoe." Acting as a Zealot, she will use her supernatural power to freeze the water solid. As a Herodian, she will eventually drain her lake bed dry. But in either case, says Toynbee, she will only transform her lake into a road and let in the "landlubber dry-shod." Roughly translated into the different, present-day situation (in which the West is very far from being "at bay"), the Zealots might advocate stringent repression of all hostile ideas, as well as dropping a few atomic bombs on Russia; the Herodians would favor gradual appeasement. Toynbee would consider both parties an "unmerciful pair of pedants." Both courses would in the end aid the Communists: appeasement obviously by strengthening them, internal repression and atomic war with all its terrors by making democratic life impossible for a long time, regardless of who wins. A smart nymph, according to Toynbee, would work for peaceful coexistence.

The Case for a Détente. This is one interpretation of *Amplexus expecta*: the West must hang on, using self-restraint, patience, fortitude, tolerance. The U.S. is, in effect, ruler of half the world; Russia, ruler of the other half. Let it stay that way, says Toynbee, in a "pacific partition of the *Oikoumene* (habitable world)." Look for a *détente* and play for time. (As a precedent, Toynbee cites 600 relatively



THE FUTURE: 19TH CENTURY

peaceful years between Rome and Parthia, beginning about 20 B.C.)

Toynbee shares the widespread and dangerously simple view that Soviet Russia is a continuation of old-style imperialism on the world scene, only "cloaked" by Communism. One cause of friction between Russia and the West, says Toynbee, is that they have not "had time to become spiritually intimate" with each other. "What, on both sides, was now needed above all was time to allow a Subconscious Psyche, whose pace was the tortoise's gait, to adjust itself to . . . the technological conjuring tricks of a practical intellect that had been racing ahead of its subconscious yoke-fellow at the pace of a march hare . . . The two monsters [Russia and the U.S.] might settle down side by side to live and let live . . . gradually become less unlike one another."

In such passages of fantastically wishful thinking, it looks as if Toynbee, an eminent historian when dealing with the distant past, becomes just another minor pundit when dealing with the present. The Herod-Zealot comparison may well be a brilliant flash of historic insight. What Toynbee seemingly fails to realize is that in the present situation, "coexistence" is bound to lead to Herodianism.



NYMPH
Coexistence with a landlubber?



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THE FUTURE: 20TH CENTURY

If this were Toynbee's whole view of Russia and the West, Americans might well dismiss the learned professor as just another crypto-Herod and tell him to go paddle his "audacious canoe." But there is far more to Toynbee than that. Toynbee never seems to regard coexistence as anything but a temporary expedient to gain time for the pursuit of a long-range solution. In Toynbee's view, the long-range solution to the problem of Communism—as to all other major problems in the world today—is a matter of religion. In general, this view is hardly news in 1954; Toynbee's specific application is.

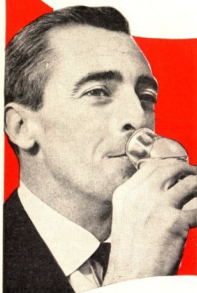
Communism: Christian Heresy. Toynbee places the present time in the Christian Era, but refers to modern Western civilization as "post-Christian" or "ex-Christian." He uses these phrases to express his belief that the West began to divorce itself from Christianity in the 17th century. He thinks that it is a failure of Christianity that gave Communism its chance.

Toynbee's argument: technology had created the means to abolish poverty. No longer was it morally right for "a small fraction of Mankind" alone to enjoy "the fruits of Civilization." But the West failed to pay "the huge interim payment on account of social justice" owing to the poor. It was in response to this failure that Marx, a Western man, produced *Das Kapital*, a "Christian heresy" designed to offset a Christian failure.

For the Russian Communists, says Toynbee, Marxism was made to order. On grounds of social justice, they were able to appeal to men of good will everywhere. "In thus denouncing the children of a Modern Western 'ascendancy' for their failure to pay a moral debt . . . Communism was proclaiming in a challengingly loud un-Christian voice a commandment of Christ's which, on the Christian Church's lips, had sunk to a discreetly inaudible whisper repeated by churchmen under their breath; and, if Marxism was nevertheless a heresy from a truly Christian point of view, this was because, like most other heresies in their day, it had taken up arms on behalf of one grievously neglected Christian truth to the still more grievous neglect of this one Christian truth's Christian setting."

It is important for the West to pay this "moral debt" by solving the economic problems of backward people, says Toynbee; however, it will not do any good un-

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Homunculus & Leviathan. In the long run, thinks Toynbee, Communism will prove inadequate as a substitute religion, because it offers "a stone for bread." But in the short run its appeal might be more effective than the West's, particularly among the "peasants" of Asia and Africa, whose voice may well decide the future. The West has erred because it has chosen to fight Communism chiefly with Communism's own materialist weapons. In fact, paradoxically, it is materialist Communism which now preaches its own gospel with a fervor recalling "Holy Russia," while the U.S. stresses material prosperity. Toynbee is sure that a "decisive majority of all living men and women" would in the end side with the U.S. Nevertheless: "'Holy Russia' [is] a more rousing war cry than 'Happy America.'"

Both Communism and Western liberalism, says Toynbee, worship not God but man. It is a contest "between two incompatible versions of the cult of a human idol." Liberalism worships the individual as symbolized by Homunculus, Communism worships "the collective human beast" as symbolized by Leviathan. As long as the battle is fought on these terms, the Communists will keep winning. Western democracy must base its appeal on more than freedom, more than prosperity, more than the right to vote and to strike; it must base its appeal on religion. Only thus can democracy "recondition" its paralyzed weapons and "turn the tables on [the] Communist assailants." Then "the idol Leviathan might still be triumphantly defied and defeated by souls contending for the liberty of Conscience and risking martyrdom for the glory of God . . . The grace of God [might] bring about this miracle in ex-Christian Western hearts genuinely smitten with contrition . . ."

But Which Religion? Americans, who have always believed in freedom under God, will not be surprised by Toynbee's insistence that, in order to win, the West must have religion on its banners and in its heart. The lengths to which Toynbee carries the matter will antagonize liberals who believe that freedom and human dignity are great goods (and mighty weapons) independent of religion. But the real question posed by Toynbee's plea for religion is: Which one?

Arnold Toynbee calls himself a Christian. His works are drenched with Christian symbolism, terminology and theology. He often seems to speak with deep Christian fervor. Yet his beliefs fit into no Christian orthodoxy. He is not a Christian in any strict sense of the word.

To Toynbee, all the "higher religions," i.e., Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, are simply separate ways to the City of God. Toynbee sees the prophets of other religions as precursors of Christ, and their sufferings "Stations of the Cross in anticipation of the Crucifixion." But he does not explicitly accept Christ's divinity. Toynbee also sees Christianity as the "climax of a continuous upward



Culver

KING HEROD
Is the professor another?

movement of spiritual progress" and thinks that "a 20th century historian might venture to predict that Christianity's transfiguring effect on the World up to date would be outshone by its continuing operation in the future." But he does not accept Christianity as the only true religion. To do so, he believes, is a "sin." If to be a Christian is to believe that Christianity "possesses a monopoly of the Divine Light . . . then I am not entitled to call myself a Christian." Since finishing the *Study*, Toynbee has expressed himself even more strongly. Said he: "If all the religions in the world were to disappear except Christianity and Buddhism, I would not be able to make a choice between them. In this part of the world, of course, it would be more convenient to keep Christianity, but convenience aside, there would be no choice between them for me."

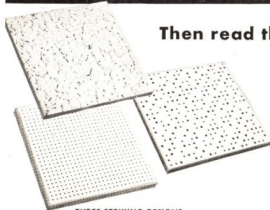
Toynbee believes that even a "post-Christian" West may yet be saved by Christianity, but not as it is embodied in the existing churches. In fact, a return to orthodoxy would be merely a false and temporary refuge. Instead, Toynbee suggests a kind of spontaneous rally of faith, possibly even the emergence of a new spiritual species. In the distant future, he foresees a kind of blending of all the higher religions—"a terrestrial Communion of Saints who would be free from sin . . . because each soul . . . would be cooperating with God at the cost of sore spiritual travail."

If such a beatific vision seems too remote from history to some readers, Toynbee earnestly replies that "a goal

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can often best be reached by aiming at a more ambitious goal beyond it," and that "spiritual progress will incidentally bring mundane progress in its train."

The Technician. The ten-volume *Study* is a huge and complex structure. It is almost a kind of separate literary civilization, with a life of its own. Toynbee, now 65, started to write the concluding volumes in 1947, after a seven-year stint with the British Foreign Office, and with the help of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Working on the history half days (he is also director of studies at the Royal Institute of Foreign Affairs), Toynbee wrote in longhand with a fountain pen, following a penciled outline he had made in 1927. He also drew on 15 notebooks he had filled with thoughts and quotations over the years, but he kept more of his universe of facts filed in his head. The manuscript that he finally delivered to his publishers in five suitcases does not make easy reading, but reading it is a major intellectual adventure.

The baffling ease with which Toynbee glides over the millenniums, from the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to the U.S. Civil War to Carthage's "wooden curtain" of ships to Persian headgear to the Nestorian Uighur Turkish secretaries of the Mongols to the Tokugawa regime in Japan to the Argonauts to Kon-Tiki to the Frankish *Lex Salica* to U.S. television, gives the reader a heady sense of omniscience and omnipresence. Toynbee is at his most fascinating and most expert as a technician of civilization. When he explains a civilization's functioning, he evokes the kind of satisfaction that goes with learning the workings of a complex machine, except that Toynbee's big machines are powered by mankind and subject to the tragedies of blood, the triumphs, agonies and ironies of history. Toynbee's knowledge of the machinery is unmatched—the cities, armies, ruling classes, police forces, bureaucracies, churches, cliques. In his hands, civilizations become curiously human, not merely in the trite sense that they seem young or old, fresh or tired, but in that they seem to parallel human psychology: they try to evade death, fool themselves about their fate, are egocentric or lovelorn or fear-haunted or resigned.

No summary can suggest Toynbee's range. But his study of renaissances, those recurring attempts of civilizations to recapture their lost youth, is a good example. Charlemagne tried to snatch back features of Hellenism, and Timur Lenk tried to raise the ghost of the Caliphate 'Abbasid Caliphate, neither with success. In literature, 15th century Humanism tried to revive the writing of Latin verse only to see the "vulgar" and more virile Western literature sweep Europe. Toynbee includes the Crusades among the "renaissances" that failed, a deplorable attempt to reach "religious goals by military short cuts." In effect, Toynbee is saying that to stay healthy, a civilization must plot its own course, quotes with approval the ghost of Achilles from the *Odyssey*: "I would rather be a wretched peasant on the land,



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labouring as a serf with a poor, portionless man for my master, than be sovereign lord of all the legions of the shades of the dead and departed."

The Law of God. For all of Toynbee's faults—his frequent vagueness, his overlong view that sometimes makes him shortsighted on contemporary problems—the *Study* remains by far the most audacious and imaginative view of man's time on earth yet undertaken by any historian.

Few readers will accept—or read—all of Toynbee; many will reject a great deal. But if the West, clinging to its steep cliff, wants a heartening message, one can be found in this "post-Christian" English historian. It is in the other, larger meaning of *Amplexus expecta*—that the West must cling to God, to a life that is always



Brian Herdline

AUTHOR TOYNBEE & WIFE
In five suitcases, on adventure.

dangerous, and to man's constant, painful duty to choose between good and evil.

An example must be sought in Christ, says Toynbee, "not of shrinking from the suffering inherent in Human Nature, but of accepting it for the sake of saving human beings"; and in the bodhisattva (a future Buddha) whose characteristic virtue was "his fortitude in withstanding a perpetual temptation to desert his self-assigned post in a world of painful action in order to take the short cut to oblivion that lay perpetually open to him... Western Man's task [is] to school himself to 'living dangerously'."

Beyond the "law of nature" of the scientists, the "laws of history" of the Marxists and Spenglerians, the "economic" and man-made laws worshiped by most modern historians, Western Man must submit once more to the Law of God. "In appealing to the Law of God, a human soul has to abandon certainty in order to embrace Hope and Fear... A human soul is apt to find in this what it brings to it... The Law of God is freedom itself, under a more illuminating name."



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MISCELLANY

Long Arm of the Law. In Muscatine, Iowa, the chief of police suspended Officer Danny Honts for conduct unbecoming an officer, charged that "Honts, on duty, in a Muscatine restaurant did lean over the counter and strike the buttocks of the waitress with a receipt book three times."

Shortage. In Kansas City, Mo., Motorist Walter Virgil Stone, after ramming another car, admitted that something was wrong with his own car, was charged by police with driving without driver's license, registration, city tag, headlights and adequate brakes.

Collector's Item. In Willowick, Ohio, Marianne Baucio, 30, accusing Dentist Lawrence Davis of assault and battery, charged that he forced her to his office floor, removed an upper denture for which she still owed him \$79.

Task Force. In Denver, Nancy Hordlacher, 21, won a divorce from husband Charles, 24, when she testified that 18 of his relatives accompanied them on their honeymoon.

Cash & Carry. In San Bernardino, Calif., when police asked Joseph Moya if he got the license number of a car driven by assailants who slugged and robbed him, Moya said yes, displayed the entire license plate he had ripped from the car as it sped away.

Airlift. In Westfield, N.J., the public library requested that townspeople help the library move to its new site by borrowing eight books each, holding them for two weeks.

Foul. In Pasco, Wash., the State Magistrates Association passed a resolution calling on the legislature to outlaw jail-breaking, which at present is not illegal in Washington.

Invasion of Privacy. In Cincinnati, after police pumped out a dose of heroin that Joseph Neal, 26, had swallowed to avoid arrest on a narcotics charge, Neal loudly demanded his freedom, argued that the evidence had been obtained without a search warrant.

This Is Your Life? In Memphis, Mrs. Ken Ross gave birth to her baby on the way to the hospital, explained later that she started late because she was watching a TV program.

Helping Hand. In Los Angeles, Singer Shiela Buelow, 22, won a divorce from husband Richard after testifying that he claimed his dating of other women was done to help her singing career, told her that "to become great in your profession you must be made to suffer, like all fine artists have to do."

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VETERAN PALMER
Help—and hurry!

minister in the Evangelical and Reformed Church, former professor of philosophical theology at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, and foremost exponent of a systematic Protestant theology which can, "without losing its Christian foundations, incorporate strictly scientific methods, a critical philosophy, a realistic understanding of men and society, and powerful ethical principles and motives."

¶ John Dillenberger, 36, also of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, close associate of Theologian Tillich.

¶ Presbyterian George Buttrick, 62, pastor of Manhattan's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, which he will leave the first of next year, and eloquent preacher. He will teach homiletics and pastoral theology, will hold the Plummer Professorship of Christian Morals, whose occupant must be, according to its founder, "a Professor of the Philosophy of the heart, and of the moral, physical and Christian life in Harvard University."

Looking over his appointments, President Pusey had reason to be pleased. Said he: "We hope to achieve as broad a range of churchmanship as possible. We are in a sense starting over. This is not surprising, since the task of building the Kingdom is never done, and the work needs always to be begun afresh."

The Spinning Eyes

For five years, Alan Maxwell Palmer, 46, had known a fate that would have plunged most men into despair. A U.S. Navy veteran who lost one hand in World War II, he moved to Mexico in 1949 to shake off a series of mysterious headaches. There, surgeons removed a brain tumor and saved his life, but Palmer found himself blind. Though he earned a living by writing about Mexico for U.S. industrial magazines, he could not always escape the hours of empty boredom. "Friends," says he, "stop in to chat and read to you. But

much of the time there's no one there." As the months passed, Palmer began to wonder how other blind people fare—especially the uncouth thousands of illiterates all over Mexico.

Last year, brimming with cheerful enthusiasm, Palmer thought up a project that he hoped would bring laughter and joy to such people. He called it *Discojos Mexicanos*, from *disco* (records) and *ojos* (eyes). Through it, he wanted to record songs and stories on twelve-inch long-playing records that would be distributed free to Mexico's sightless.

Until last summer, Palmer's project was progressing smoothly. He had persuaded a U.S. company to make the recordings at cost and to provide free record players. He had lined up professional entertainers (including Dolores del Rio, Bing Crosby, Andy Russell and Mexico's Cantinflas) to sing songs and tell stories. He planned to record Mexican classics and concerts, hoped to have a series of Mexican travelogues "so that the blind can appreciate the beauties they can never see." Such notables as Mexico City's Archbishop Luis Mario Martínez had given his project their blessings; a department store had offered to have a *Discojos* day. Then Palmer became ill again.

Two months ago, he had to undergo another brain operation. As soon as he got back on his feet, he realized that if his *Discojos* were ever to spin, he would have to step up his campaign for funds. Last week, still cheerful, he flew up to the U.S. for a whirlwind tour that will take him through seven cities, seeking contributions from firms doing business in Mexico. As Palmer well knows, there is good reason for such haste: after his last operation, the doctors told him that he has not long to live.

Reed Tries Again

When Duncan S. Ballantine was appointed its president in 1952, Oregon's Reed College got its fifth new administration in just twice as many years. Long noted for its lively liberalism, Reed sometimes seems to carry freedom almost to the point of chaos. Last week, after only two years, Duncan Ballantine had quit.

A lanky, boyish-looking man of 41, Ballantine has a Ph.D. from Harvard, seems the sort of scholarly man any scholarly college would want. But other colleges do not share Reed's almost fanatical belief in the power of the faculty and student body. Example: when Ballantine suggested that the faculty council should not have the final say on faculty salaries, his suggestion was rejected. Last June, without consulting the faculty, Ballantine temporarily suspended an art professor for refusing to answer questions before the Velde Committee. By a 38-9 vote, the faculty passed a resolution expressing a "grave weakening" of confidence in the president.

Last week the trustees picked as president Frank L. Griffin, 73, former mathematics professor. And the question still remains, said Duncan Ballantine bitterly, "does Reed really want a president?"



Fore!

Golfing friend of ours has a system. If he breaks 90, he celebrates by ordering a 19th-hole highball made with Lord Calvert instead of some less-favored brand.

On the other hand, he says, if he fails to break 90 he becomes so dejected that he treats himself to a drink of Lord Calvert as a sort of consolation prize.

He says it's a fine system, and assures us that although he spent a lot of time perfecting it he has no objection if other people adopt it. For that matter, neither do we.

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Jump-Line Warning

Tornadoes are notoriously unpredictable. It is impossible to tell, just by looking, whether a tall black cloud will merely drop a shower, or whether it will lash out with a twister. Last week the U.S. Weather Bureau was on the trail of a promising way of telling in advance which of the tall black clouds are apt to be pregnant with tornadoes.

According to Meteorologist Morris Pepper, the thing for tornado predictors to watch for is a "pressure jump." When conditions are right, as they all too frequently are in tornado regions, the air contains an "inversion," a layer whose temperature is sharply different from the air above or below it. Since cold air is heavier than warm air, the boundary between the layers may have "gravity waves" in it, just as the ocean has waves in the boundary between water and air.

Pepper is not sure what starts an atmospheric wave; often an advancing mass of cold air seems to be the cause. But once the wave gets going, its front gets steeper and steeper and the air in the wave may rise more than a mile in a few minutes. This causes a sudden rise of barometric pressure that shows as a sharp jog on the chart of a specially sensitive barograph.

The wave, which meteorologists call the "jump-line," is not dangerous, but the Weather Bureau has found that it is apt to set off the violent thunderstorms that lash the earth with twisters. In one study, 82% of the tornadoes struck within an hour of a pressure jump.

After satisfying itself on the close relationship between jump-lines and tornadoes, the Weather Bureau (though chronically starved for funds) is now trying to make use of its new knowledge. It has designed a simple instrument that ignores ordinary changes of pressure, but rings a bell when a jump-line passes over it.

The Weather Bureau thinks that its jump-line detectors can be made in quantity for less than \$100 each. Spotted through tornado areas in police stations and other always-open institutions, they should enable the weathermen to keep track of each jump-line as it moves cross-country. Since the average speed of the tornado-triggering wave is only about 35 m.p.h., the weathermen should have time to give plenty of warning.

Life with Fermi

Enrico Fermi, a Nobel Prizewinner, is one of the principal founders of modern physics. On Dec. 2, 1942, he set in operation the first nuclear reactor, thus became the Prometheus of the Atomic Age. These distinctions should be enough, but this week Fermi could claim still another: his wife is one of the most engaging biographers who ever described the private life of a great scientist.

Laura Fermi's book, *Atoms in the Family* (University of Chicago Press; \$4)

starts with a hike outside Rome in 1924, when she met "a short-legged young man . . . with rounded shoulders and neck craned forward." Fermi was only 22, but already a brilliant physicist. Laura, 16, considered him "pretty old."

She forgave his age and married him in 1928. On their honeymoon he tried to teach her physics, starting with Maxwell's Equations on the propagation of electromagnetic waves. He had no success, which was probably just as well. Fermi lived his professional life in the strange new world of mathematical physics; Laura did not try to follow him into his abstract jungle. She learned how to appreciate her husband in spite of quanta and nucleons.

Neutrons with Goldfish. There was much to appreciate. Fermi emerges from



LAURA & ENRICO FERMI
The spy was shy.

the book as alternately serious and gay, abstracted but practical. He is modest about major accomplishments (his discoveries in physics), vain about minor ones (his physical endurance in mountain climbing). His wife plainly worships him, but laughs at him just enough to keep him human. She tells how one of his crucial experiments on slow neutrons was carried on in a fountain among unsuspecting goldfish. She giggles gently at his troubles with unruly shirtfronts. She pokes friendly fun at his brilliant friends (who called Fermi "The Pope") and tells how they once got so excited with their scientific talk that her maid thought they were all drunk.

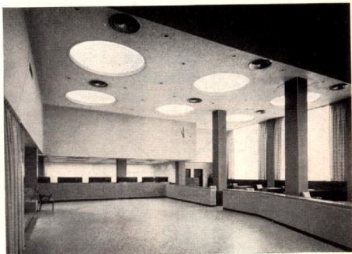
The Italy of Fermi's youth was Mussolini's Italy. At first Fascism was merely silly, but as it grew, Fermi began to consider leaving Italy forever. He made up his mind when Hitler's anti-Semitism flooded over the Alps. The Nobel Prize made escape easy. In 1938 Fermi took his Jewish wife and his two children to

The value of the Architect

He can help you redesign your bank—and nearly double your work space. And he can help a merchant builder design a roomy, modern project-built home that sells for only \$15,000.



The problem faced by architect Harold Spitznagel, in planning improvements for the Northwest Security National Bank in Sioux Falls, S.D., began back in 1890. That's when the bank was established. The present directors felt their location was exceedingly valuable and despite the need for more space which a new site offered, voted to remodel. Architect Spitznagel found the needed space—by moving the vault to the basement. He created a new look and made the nearly doubled space work most efficiently by using modern, functional design.



The house you see here is a good example of the fruits of a sound architect-builder relationship. A 3-bedroom house with many deluxe features, it sells for around \$15,000. Designed by Detroit architects Beneicke and Lorenz, it was built by Edward Rose and Sons, merchant builders. Experience has shown these builders that to employ an architect helps avoid errors, makes for maximum use of space and guarantees comfort and convenience features that make a home more attractive, livable—and salable.

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How today's architect meets such problems in a way the client likes is demonstrated by the Northwest Security National Bank in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and the Detroit home you see here.

These are typical examples of the outstanding kind of work

being done on all types of buildings, everywhere across the land.

The modern architect brings to any project a vast knowledge of design and construction technique. And he is able to draw upon the many skills of professional engineers for specification and installation of all types of modern mechanical equipment.

When you're thinking of building or remodeling, call in an architect at the earliest planning stage.

This page is published in the interest of all who are considering construction, that they may experience the advantages of professional advice, as they strive toward better living, better working.

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Stockholm to receive the prize. After the ceremony, they continued to the U.S.

Retreat into Mystery. Two weeks after Fermi reached New York, he heard about the famous telegram telling Niels Bohr that uranium fission had been discovered in Germany. Fermi knew what it meant: that enormous energy might be extracted from the uranium atom. Soon he was part of the vast U.S. attempt to release that energy in an atomic bomb.

Laura Fermi knew nothing of his work—only that her famous husband was receding day by day into deeper mystery. He made long trips to Chicago for no announced reason. The friends whom he brought to her house were as silent about their work as he. When the Fermis moved to Chicago, all that she knew was that he worked at a "metallurgical laboratory" (where no metallurgists worked). She asked no questions. She brought up her children, kept her overworked husband comfortable, laughed at him affectionately when laughter was in order (once he buried a "treasure" of currency in a coal bin). But she felt the excitement around her grow and the mystery deepen.

An Admiral Sunk. One night she gave a party for a crowd of "metallurgists." As each guest arrived, he congratulated her husband, but no one told her why. At last one whispered: "He has sunk a Japanese admiral." What Fermi had done was to start the first chain reaction.

In 1944 the Fermis moved to Los Alamos, that strange, comfortless Shangri-La where famous men of many nationalities conjured up the atomic bomb. Laura Fermi describes their life on the pine-covered mesa, cut off from the world, where the men disappeared every morning behind the high wire fence of the "technical area." She knew them all, from Oppenheimer ("Oppie [was] a marvelous director, the real soul of the project") to silent Klaus Fuchs, who drove a car badly, played charades shyly, and was spying for the Russians.

Still she asked no questions. Deliberately, one suspects, she did not try to guess what her husband was doing. Putting up with the rigorous living conditions (sometimes Los Alamos had no water) and the ironclad isolation, she made a life for her husband outside the wire fence. Touched by the wand of her smiling description, the men of the golden age of physics come to life. She tells how Hans Bethe, father of nuclear fission, eats a big dish of spaghetti ("slowly but steadily . . . between mouthfuls of red wine"). She describes the strange whispering voice of Niels Bohr, whom they had been ordered to call "Mr. Baker," and tells how he was charmed by a skunk (unknown in Europe) and rescued just in time. She tells how Edward Teller kept the neighbors awake with his piano playing.

On Aug. 6, 1945, the Los Alamos secret broke at last: President Truman announced to the world that an atomic bomb had exploded over Hiroshima. Not until then did Laura Fermi know what her husband had been doing behind the wire fence.

RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

The good guys on TV last week were, as usual, giving the bad guys their lumps. As millions of youngsters watched in beady-eyed fascination, Roy Rogers (with the help of Dale and Trigger) got the drop on some slow-witted fur thieves; Hopalong Cassidy (with help from his younger brother) corralled a batch of badmen who had holed up in a gold mine; the Lone Ranger (with help from Tonto and his horse Silver) outwitted a pseudo-Englishman and won an inheritance which—naturally—was promptly donated to a worthy cause.

Meanwhile, out in the cold reaches of outer space, a band of interstellar cave-men were put to flight just as they were about to burn alive Vena, the beautiful navigator for Rocky Jones, Space Ranger; a bearded, mad scientist was certain to be thwarted by right-thinking Captain Video who, as the press release puts it, is an unbeatable "combination of Einstein, King Arthur and Marco Polo;" and *Space Patrol's* Commander Buzz Corry was zooming through the cosmos intent on reforming the almost limitless supply of villains with his soul-washing Brain-O-Graph.

Comics & Westerns. TV's swarming children's shows are designed to ensnare the growing urchin almost from the moment his infant eyes begin to focus. One of the best shows is reserved for the very youngest: NBC's *Ding Dong School*, featuring Dr. Frances Horwich and making life easier for mothers and their preschool young. From here, the moppets are expected to progress by easy stages through Du Mont's *Magic Cottage*, ABC's *Smilin' Ed's Gang* to NBC's *Pinky Lee Show* and the bedlam of *Howdy Doody*. Few adults are sufficiently strong-fibered to watch these last two shows: Pinky Lee is an ex-burlesque comic who wears a funny hat and lispes a succession of feeble jokes (Sample: "You mean I've got to be a spy?" "Don't mince words." "Oh—a mince spy!"). Pinky laughs maniacally about the commercials and spends a good deal of time hugging reluctant children dragged from his studio audience. *Howdy Doody* is the sort of show that can be heard five miles on a clear day without benefit of transmitter. Currently, while its star Bob Smith is convalescing from a heart attack, *Howdy* features bewhiskered Gabby Hayes, who describes himself as "an ornery ol' coot" and adds little coherence to the muddled plot.

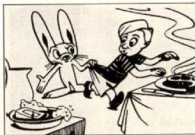
By the time a child is nine or ten, he is apt to find these shows "too babyish" for his more sophisticated taste and will turn to space serials, westerns or the shows borrowed from the comic strips, e.g., *Superman* and *Joe Palooka*. Today's children get a great amount of their TV entertainment from the old movies that enchanted their parents when they were moppets: most kid shows include a few reels of ancient Charlie Chase comedies



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SPACE PATROL ROCKET
To the cosmos by easy stages.

or animated cartoons that date back to the 1920s. One cartoon series, *Crusader Rabbit*, was made especially for TV. Though not fully animated and lasting only 3½ minutes to an episode, it is a widely popular feature on such local shows as Manhattan's *Children's Theater*, starring Ray Forrest. *Big Top* and *Super Circus* supply acrobats and trapeze acts; some of the Saturday morning shows include education films dealing with the home life of otters and salmon. The CBS dog show *Lassie* is soon to get a canine rival in ABC's filmed *Rin Tin Tin*. ABC's *Kukla, Fran & Ollie* is seen every weekday, but its gentle humor probably has a larger audience among grownups than kids.

ABC hopes this month to expand children's TV horizons with *Disneyland*, a series of 26 hour-long programs ranging from science to Indian Fighter Davy Crockett. The only other new development may come from NBC, which is considering a series on the underwater adventures of skin divers. Flamingo Films, a TV producer, thinks it may have found the answer to expensive animated cartoons: last week Flamingo signed a contract with Television Corp. of Japan. U.S. writers will forward their plots to Tokyo, where they will be animated and filmed by Japanese artisans (whose pay is lower) and then returned to Manhattan for sound recording.

Wisteria & Decay. On the drama front, TV last week went regional with a vengeance. Two shows dealt with the decay-and-magnolia theme of the Deep South. On ABC's new *Elgin Hour*, Massa Robert Cummings tried valiantly to save his old plantation from a flood, keep his ex-waitress wife at home, and bail out his amoral brother-in-law who had a tendency to shoot upstate troopers. On NBC's *Lux Video Theater*, there was plenty of hysteria mixed in with the wisteria as Massa Zachary Scott kept mooning about the veranda of his columned home while trying to make up his mind between a daughter of the Old South and a Northern hussy. On *Robert Montgomery Presents*, Paul McGrath played a Yankee who couldn't choose between his ever-loving wife and a Central European charmer, while CBS began the run of a new series, *Climax*, with an examination of the manners and morals (both terrible) of Southern California. The *Climax* play was based on Raymond Chandler's *The Long Good-bye*, and starred Teresa Wright and Dick Powell who played the tough private eye as if he were trying the impossible task of parodying Mickey Spillane. *Climax* lost what little connection it had with reality when one of the corpses—unaware that the camera was still on him—slowly got up and crawled away.

Night Fight. CBS and NBC had a new set of Trendex rating figures to look at last week. On Monday night, CBS's *I Love Lucy*, the No. 1 show of the last three years, returned to the air. The episode was not topflight Lucille Ball but proved good enough to score 46.8 against 15.8 for NBC's *Medic*. The big surprise of

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DICK POWELL & TERESA WRIGHT
The corpse crawled off stage.

the evening was CBS's *December Bride*, a run-of-the-mill situation comedy starring Spring Byington. On its first appearance, *Bride* won a big 31.4 rating, nearly double that of NBC's competing *Robert Montgomery Presents*.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wed., Oct. 13. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Football (Sat. 4:25 p.m., ABC). Oregon v. Southern California.

Texaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). With Jimmy Durante.

Omibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Returns for its third season.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS). With Dan Dailey, Kirk Douglas.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC-TV). Noel Coward's *Tonight at 8:30* (in color) with Ginger Rogers.

The Halls of Ivy (Tues. 8:30 p.m., CBS). The radio series moves to TV, with Ronald Colman, Benita Hume.

RADIO

Football (Sat. 2:15 p.m., ABC). Duke v. Army.

Conversation (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Good talk, with Jacques Barzun, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Dr. Glyn Daniel, Clifton Fadiman.

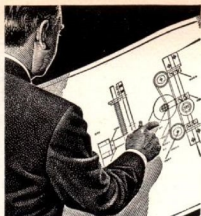
Boston Symphony (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Conducted by Charles Munch.

Louisville Orchestra (Sat. 10:30 p.m., CBS). First radio performance of Peter Menin's *Symphony No. 6*.

Campaign '54 (Sun. 12:05 a.m., CBS). Tour of the hustings in West Virginia and Kentucky.

Hall-Mitchell Debates (Sun. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Democrats and Republicans argue the major issues.

Two in the Balcony (Mon. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Light musical program.



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WOMEN ARE READING **TIME** THAN EVER

*Down this quiet shaded lane,
a rare Tennessee whiskey is
Charcoal-Mellowed Drop by Drop
—and, friend, that means it's sippin' whiskey!*

FOR a long time now, charcoal has been a good friend to the whiskey maker. This ancient substance makes the whiskey mellow and smooths out its flavor. So you'll find that all American whiskeys are aged in charred oak barrels. But at our distillery in Lynchburg, Tennessee—the oldest registered distillery in the United States—we carry this honored mellowing process one step further. We use the charred oak barrels, of course—but first we let our whiskey seep through vats filled with 100 inches of finely ground hard maple charcoal.

Jack Daniel's slow trip through charcoal puts it into contact with 5 to 6 thousand times as much flavor-smoothing charcoal as it later gets in the barrels.

That's the story of our "charcoal-mellowing" process—the best way we know of smoothing out *all* the "rough edges" in a whiskey's flavor. Once



Whiskey-making's rarest process:
Preparing char for charcoal-mellowing.



you've tasted Jack Daniel's, we think you'll wonder why no other whiskey is made this old, unhurried Tennessee way. Whatever the reasons, one thing is certain. You'll be glad you've found the one whiskey that gets this "extra blessing." Charcoal-mellowing drop by drop produces a rare and wonderful whiskey—with a flavor so smooth, Jack Daniel's has won five gold medals in competition with the world's finest whiskeys.

The next goal we seek is your approval. Won't you ask for Jack Daniel's next time you order whiskey? Discovering its friendlier sippin' flavor is truly a rewarding experience, we promise you.



Green label for those who seek a truly rare whiskey and Black label—even rarer.

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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE

Are you confused about today's Motor Oils?

So many claims are being made for what additives are supposed to do in today's motor oils, it's no wonder a lot of motorists are becoming confused.

The truth is, in all HD (High Detergency) oils—regardless of brand—additives perform many useful functions.

That is why additives are being used so widely in Pennsylvania Motor Oils.

The point we want to make is this: *Additives can be added to any oil.* To very good oil. To very poor oil.

The quality of the basic oil is what determines the kind of lubrication your motor gets.

So remember this:

**Today's BEST oils
start with
Nature's BEST crude**

Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil and fortified by carefully selected additives, they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

**Keep the power
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INSIST on a brand of

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Motor Oil**

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Oil City, Pennsylvania



RELIGION

Words & Works

¶ Alvin Dark, captain and shortstop of the world champion New York Giants, told a Sunday-school class at the Calvary Baptist Church, Yonkers, N.Y., that he plans to give 10%, or more than \$1,100, of his World Series money to his home church, Trinity Baptist in Lake Charles, La. Baptist Dark began giving "10% of my earnings to God" when he was a newsboy making \$2.50 a week, has tithed faithfully ever since.

¶ Thousands of members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints converged on Salt Lake City for the Mormon Church's 125th semiannual conference. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, a member of the Mormons' top policymaking body, the Council of the Twelve Apostles, voiced a plea "that regardless of the party you are affiliated with, you remember the standard the God of Heaven has given and use your influence to help safeguard the country and see that honest, good and wise men are elected to public office."

¶ The largest food relief program ever undertaken by U.S. churches was set in motion by the Church World Service, a branch of the National Council of Churches of Christ. Over the next three years, 500 million lbs. of Government surpluses of wheat, cotton, cottonseed oil, corn, corn products, butter, cheese and powdered milk, with a wholesale value of \$150 million, will be distributed free. Administrative and distribution costs will be covered through nationwide "Share Our Surplus" drives.

The Healer

Six thousand people jammed London's Albert Hall, and most of them looked miserable. There were children on crutches and men and women with twisted limbs. Decripit oldsters were there, and so were hysterics, neurotics and last-ditch incurables willing to try anything.

To an organ accompaniment they sang the hymn *Oh Worship the King*. Then Harry Edwards went to work on them. Cheer seemed to radiate like a nimbus from his well-pomaded white head. One by one, members of the unhappy audience limped, stumbled or were carried up to him on the stage; for each he had soothing words and deft touches of his famed hands. For Spirit Healer Harry Edwards, who gets three times as much mail a day as Prime Minister Churchill does in a normal week, is England's fastest-growing health fad. He is also a symptom of the condition of religion in England: churches are empty while weird spiritual fads are growing fast.

Buses to the Sanctuary. A printer by trade, Edwards ran for Parliament in 1935 as a Liberal, was defeated, then took up spiritualism. He still recalls the time he stepped off a bus in front of an onrushing truck, only to be swept on the sidewalk safe and sound by what he knows were forces from the other world.

Seven years ago, he bought a mansion called 30 miles southwest of London, about Burrows Lea, which is known to his followers as "The Sanctuary." Here he grants audience to the ailing on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. They drive up



Tiny Bennett

BRITAIN'S HARRY EDWARDS (SEATED, CENTER) AT HEALING SESSION
Also parakeets, an ex-butcher and spirit people.